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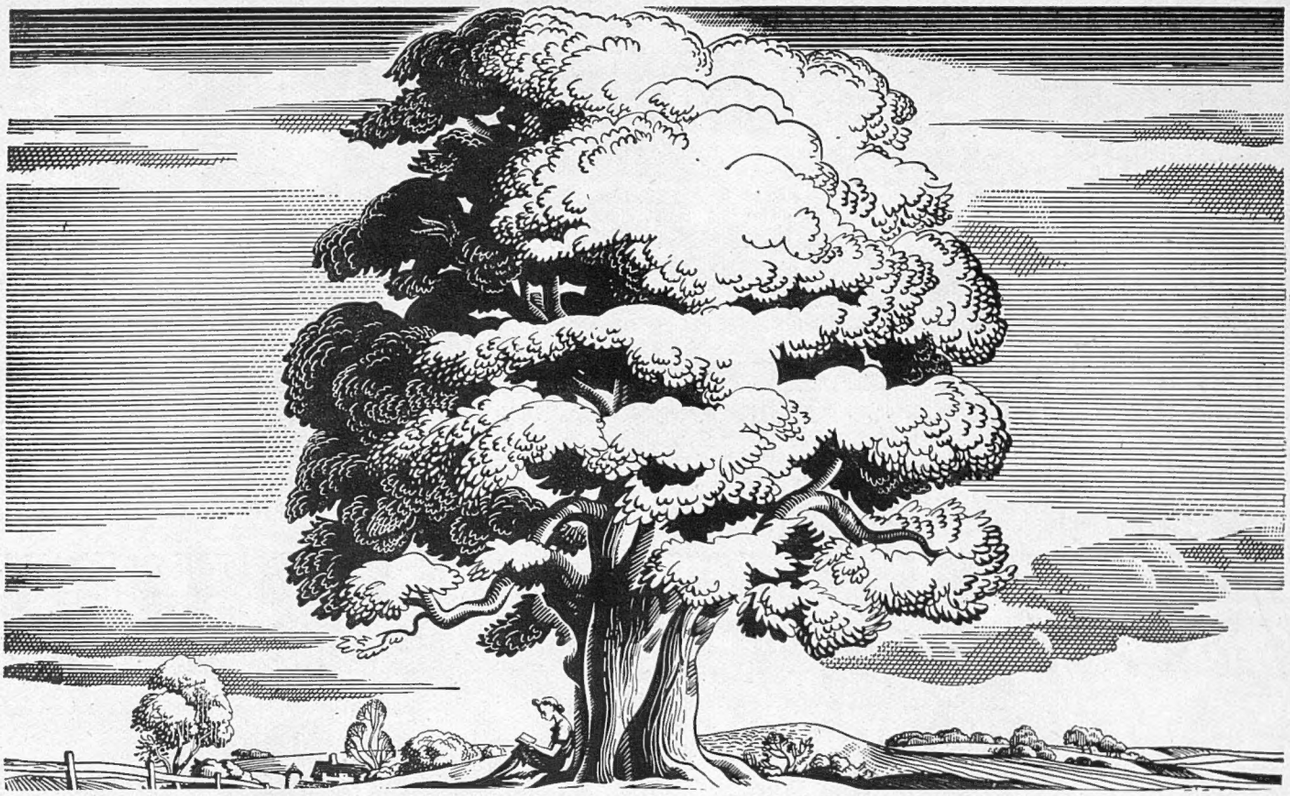

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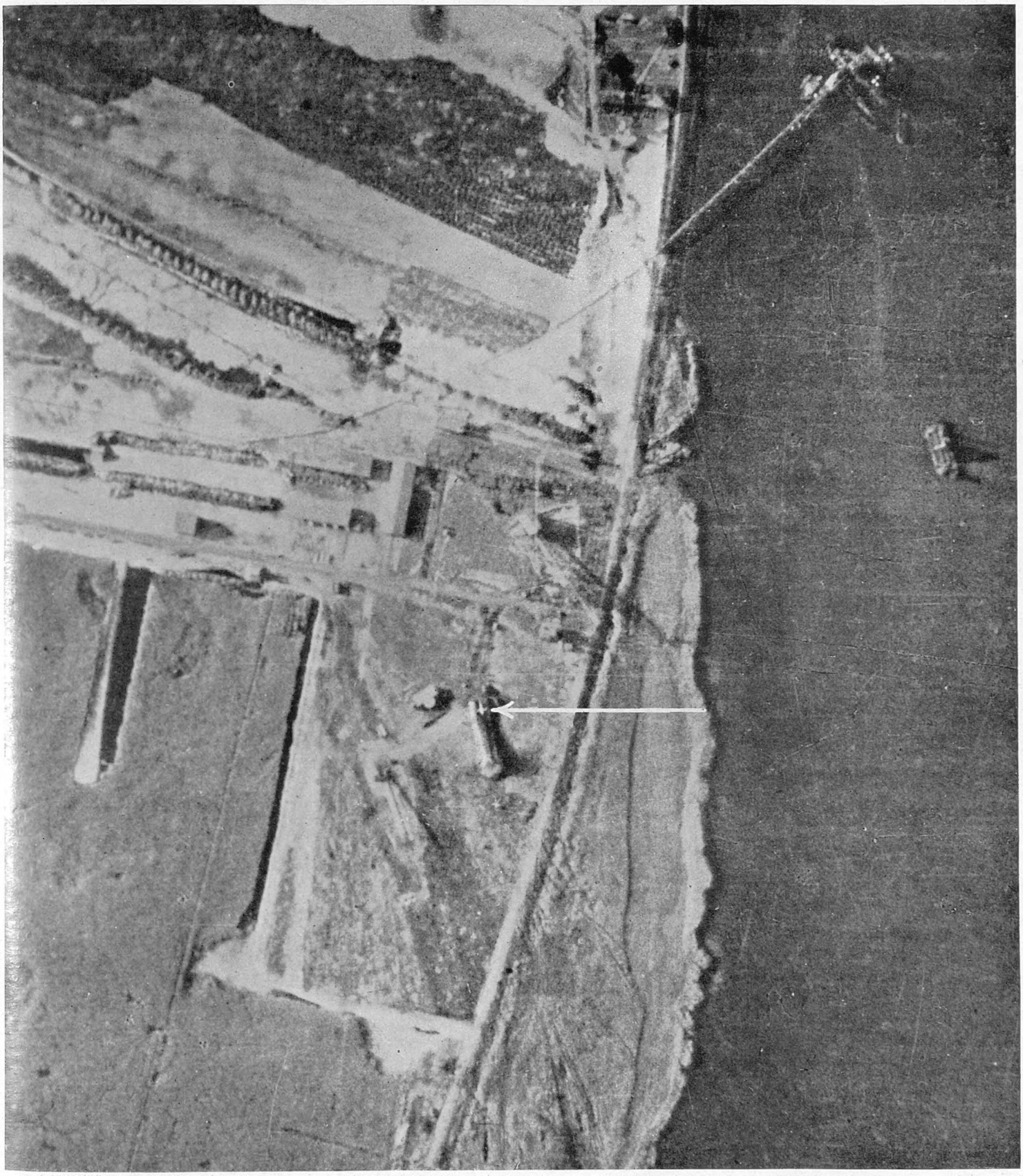
Volume CLXXVIII No. 2330 The SPHERE, London, September 16, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE PICTURE WHICH REVEALED THE EXISTENCE AND METHOD OF LAUNCHING OF THE FLYING BOMB. IT WAS TAKEN BY THE R.A.F. ON NOVEMBER 8, 1943, at the German experimental station at Peenemunde, on the Baltic coast

Now that the flying-bomb menace has been checked, with most of the launching sites along the French coast captured by the British, many details have been given of the manner in which the new German weapon was first discovered and how its development was held up by attacks on the experimental stations and launching sites established by the enemy. Mr. Duncan Sandys, Chairman of the War Cabinet Committee on the operational counter-measures taken against the flying bomb, has revealed that, as long ago as May 1943, photographs were taken at Peenemunde, on the Baltic coast, of "many peculiar features which we were unable to explain." On a later photograph the expert interpreters drew attention to "a tiny blurred speck." This is shown in the picture above. On close examination it could be seen that the object had the shape of a miniature plane: this was "sitting on what appeared to be an inclined ramp fitted with rails," said Mr. Sandys. It was later deduced that the object must have been a pilotless, jet-propelled aircraft. The secret, then, was out—although the knowledge gained was only known to a few—and counter-measures were taken to delay, and then lessen, the menace. The result of the Battle of Southern England is now known to all

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 263

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Channel Ports.—Of all the changes in the war scene brought about in these last wonderful months (from Warsaw round to the Mediterranean and on to Belgium), none can appear more striking and desirable to me than the freeing of the Channel ports. For four years we have lived uneasily, with the Nazis as our next-door neighbours ever plotting mischief and practising it. Kent has been for four years within shell-range. The Home Counties and London for several months under more or less constant bombardment from V 1. Those who, a brief three weeks ago, took a holiday from fly-bomb territory may return to what is in some sort a new world, or an old world so far forgotten as to be new. Between the south coast of England, from Weymouth to the North Foreland on the north and west, and Aix-la-Chapelle to Basle on the east (these holiday-makers may thank their stars, with fair justification for their gratitude), there is now hardly a handful of militant Nazis or Germans capable of mischief left alive or outside a wire enclosure. In those few days, a miracle has made England once more an island; or has at least put the Southern Counties in the position of Shropshire, and its neighbours, which for so many months and years were regarded with envy by Southrons as the haunt of peace and true security. In terms of space, bigger miracles of transformation may have come about. In terms of time and in psychological effect, this swift neutralisation of Northern France stands alone and unchallenged for Southrons.

Full Circle. — Dr. Goebbels' great work is almost done. The Doctor of Lies has come full-circle. With the confession to his devoted public that the war cannot be won by Germany with secret weapons, and that, in any case, V 2, V 3 and V 4 were still too little advanced for use when the Allied Armies swept V 1 off the northern coasts of France and Belgium—with that confession, the little Doctor's big boomerang completed its journey and struck him in the teeth. One day perhaps *Punch*, or some other funny fellow, will collect in tabular form, year by year since 1939, this great man's promises and prophecies, boasts, corrections, counter-promises, threats, assurances, wisecracks and certainties. It will reveal some features of human nature which, even now, human beings are unwilling or unable to accept as in the realms of possibility. No less than this, for example: given a few short years of intensive education and preparation, it *is* possible to deceive all the people all the time—or, at least, for all the time that is necessary for your purpose. And you need not be Machiavellian in your methods. The clumsiest lying is quite good enough. Yes, says a critic; but these methods can only work with the German people. What is true of swine, poultry and sheep is no criterion in your dealings with free or intelligent people. Let us contemplate the great achievements and ultimate failure of Dr. Goebbels with humility, mingled with our wonder and admiration. You and I in the past five years have travelled a long way along the road of credulity and wishful thinking. If we have proved ourselves tough guys, we must not over-stress the "tough" to exclude the "guys." Without a genius like Dr. Goebbels to work the miracle, we too have achieved some remarkable records in mass credulity since 1939.

Bulgarity.—The Bulgars have come clean. They have worked their passage home—by the shortest route. They always loved the Allies in their hearts. It was those pro-Nazi regents, and so on, who seduced them from the strait path. The Bulgars always loved righteousness and hated iniquity. Like the rest of their gallant allies (new style), they had, and have, no territorial ambitions and seek only the democratic way of justice, toleration and freedom for all peoples and classes. Cruelty, aggression, repression and bullying they outlaw and contemn. Bulgaria is on the side of the angels—the angels with the biggest battalions. Russia, which possesses the biggest battalions on the spot, is their big brother, Britain and America are their younger brothers. In the Allied camp there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons who need no repentance. If repentance at the pistol-point is less edifying than a free-will repentance, and sometimes less enduring, nevertheless, it is all most satisfactory. We greet our gallant ally, Bulgaria. We remember that even the ninety-and-nine are, in some sort, in need of repentance.

A TERRIBLE DEMONSTRATION OF AIR POWER AND ONE OF THE REASONS FOR THE NAZIS' ROUT IN FRANCE: The havoc caused by British bombing on the banks of the River Seine at Rouen

This huge mass of German equipment had been piled up on the quayside, so that the Germans could make good their retreat towards the east in face of the advancing British armies. It was located by the R.A.F., however, and bombed unmercifully. When the moment came for the Germans to pull out, they had to do so with many fewer transport vehicles than they had expected. Similar air attacks were carried out at many other points, with the final result that the retreat from France became a rout

One More Struggle.—A few weeks back I put in the pillory (to await their trials) a dozen "eminent" pundits who had fixed the date of the end of the war with Germany. One or two have already been tried and condemned by the calendar, and they are now receiving their meed of bad eggs. The majority still await trial; they are those who napped October and onwards to the end of the year. I am neither "eminent" nor a prophet. I don't propose to stand beside them in the pillory. I will but record my opinion that before we walk the pavements *unter den Linden*, we are in for a tough struggle with the Nazis and the Germans. They are going to fight for their Reich, and fight desperately. In the warm sunshine of a new security, generously fostered by confident Government pronouncements and by official relaxation of wartime precautions, we at home may tend—it is human nature—once more (as in the war of 1914-18) to view the rest of this war as a drama—thrilling and stimulating—seen from a comfortable armchair. It was so that we viewed the South African War. (Remember the doings of the Smart Set in the Cape Town hotels.) It was so that we viewed much of the war of 1914-18. Re-read Repington's *Diary*. God in his mercy preserve us from this crime, this gross forgetfulness, this supreme ingratitude! Let us remember that, till the end come, not an hour, not a minute, will pass but some heart in Britain will break, one more home be broken up. By all means let us count our blessings; but by all means let us remember the tragedies.

Relaxing Restrictions.—Bans and restrictions are being scrapped. The Government is proving as good as its word. Already it has outrun the schedule of wishful thinkers. Gone are the banned areas, immobilised cars, travel-restricted aliens. And now a great, double-barrelled *feu de joie*—compulsory H.G. training and the black-out (September 6 and 7). I said the other day that it is going to take us men of Sussex and Kent a long, long time to realise the mighty truth that in a brief three weeks our whole world changed, our whole geographical set-up was transformed. Bombed and blitzed we still may be, by German bombers, by rockets and, mildly, even by V 1. But whatever may come from the skies and the Nazis, we of Kent and Sussex to-day are where Shropshire and Herefordshire were and have long been. It is a tremendous fact, and I find it hard to accept. And so it will be with the black-out. I shall not get used to the relaxation of the ban in quick time. I shall still, from force of habit, feel uncomfortable about chinks and glimmers all winter. I shall feel naked and ashamed of the light. We grow used to our fetters. They become friends and comforts at last. For five years we have cursed the tiresome business of black-out, and now, when we are released, the old rags and tatters and plugs which kept out the light have become friends we cannot part with. Habit dies hard and hard habits hardest.

H.G. Good-bye to Compulsion.—It began as a volunteer force. It will peter out with the enthusiastic volunteers. The old L.D.V. . . . what memories, what sweat and toil, what invaluable discoveries and experiences it produced! *Que de memoires, que de régrets.* Myself, I shall never cease to think that it had been wiser to have kept to the old name and to have kept to the original conception of our role. I shall always speculate as to what sort of show we should have made as a force trained on Army lines, if we had been called on to meet the Nazis when they were still a fighting force, superbly led and equipped, on our native soil. I shall always believe that, trained as partisans and guerillas, pegged down to our own areas, trained to snipe, to block, to trap, to obstruct, to demolish, to snoop and spy on the enemy, we should have given the best account of ourselves. As Maquis, not as amateur guardsmen. Untrained in map-reading, battle-drill and a score of lethal weapons, but utterly familiar with our own lanes and rabbit tracks, our rifles and hand-grenades and scalping knives. Our road-blocks and our defended villages and strong-points, for ever scrapped, for ever replanned and remade, never gave me much confidence, I confess. Lord, how we have sweated and sweated again under the instructions of Whitehall and a hundred new commanders with newly-formed ideas! What boots it what *I* thought. I have come to believe in our War Office! Africa, Italy, Normandy, France, Belgium, Holland—these pages of history have taught us all much, taught the W.O. and taught the W.O.'s armchair critics much. Vis-à-vis, the H.G., what matters is: *that the L.D.V. did its job.* It helped to keep us an island in a sea of slavery; and helped to make possible the victories of Africa, France and Italy. And beyond those tremendous trifles, what? It helped to make us once more a nation, in brotherhood and understanding, to shatter class barriers, to foster good fellowship and the qualities of selflessness and good neighbourliness. Some of us it killed. To many more it gave back life and a new lease of life. While we cursed it, we were conscious of its blessings and virtues. It did more than keep us from going mad. It restored a sanity we had long lost. It revealed to us the grand qualities of our humble and unknown neighbours, the greatness of our own race which we had come to distrust and to despise. The L.D.V. made us once more a band of brothers. It taught us our first halting lessons in the meaning of democracy. If the H.G. parted with some of the democracy in the interests of discipline and efficiency, I daresay it was inevitable. (Stalin too found it necessary to revise his theories about privileged classes.) What the L.D.V. taught us, surely we shall remember and keep alive.

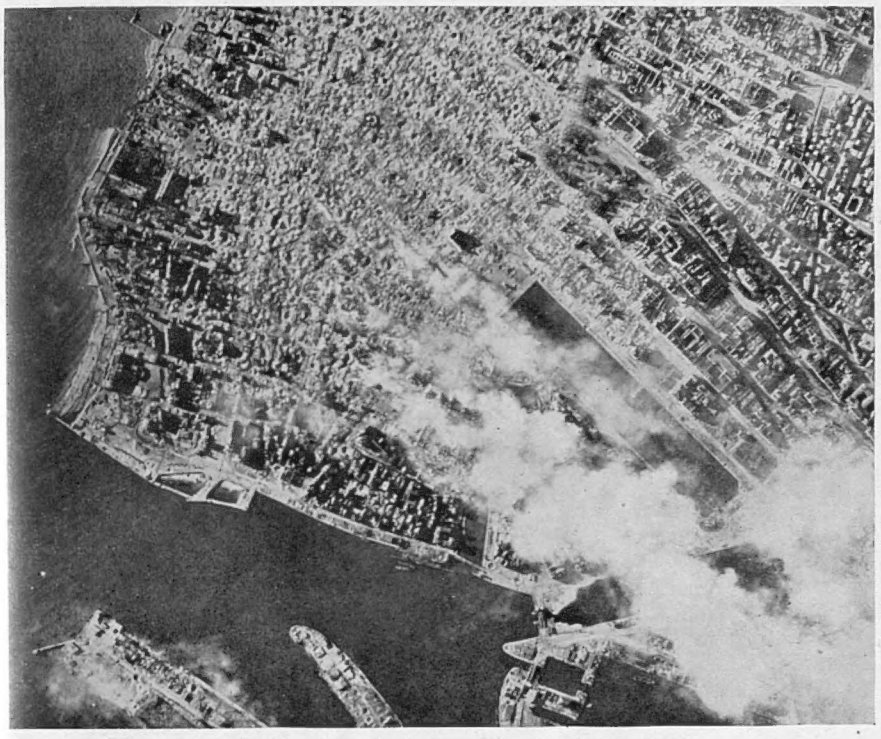
THE OLD STAGER

The CROSSING of the ALBERT CANAL

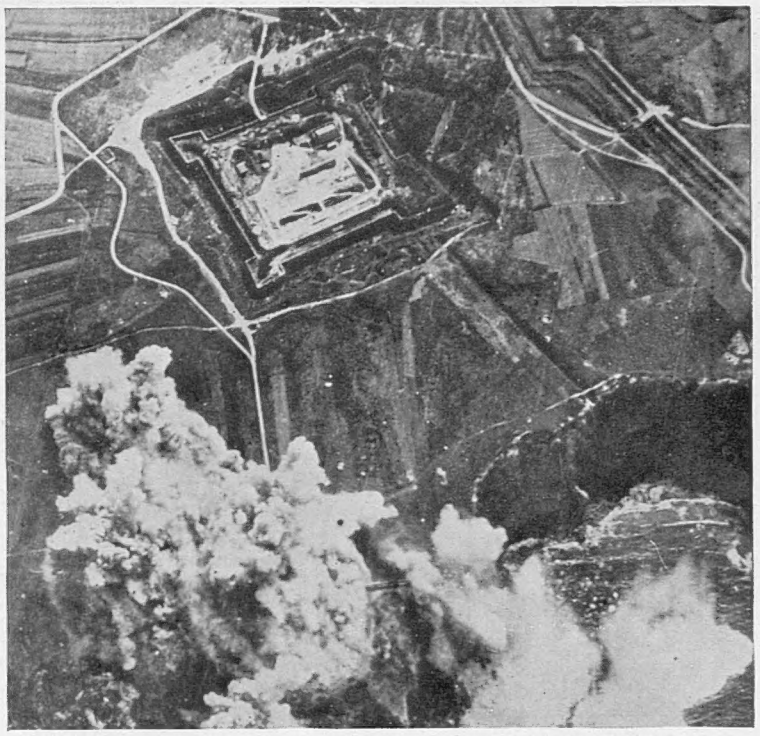
The Bombing of the Germans in Le Havre and Brest ; and a British Commando Raid on a Yugoslav Island

THE ALLIED ARMIES REACH THE ALBERT CANAL : A Dutch soldier of the Princess Irene Regiment (on right) and a British soldier guard the Canal Bridge. It was here that very stiff German resistance was encountered

AT THE ALBERT CANAL, German prisoners are brought back at the double across the bridge. British tanks crossed one of the bridges over the Canal at Beeringen on September 8. The original bridge had been blown by the Germans, but British troops repaired it under heavy shell-fire. Dutch soldiers of the crack Princess Irene Regiment then held it against the enemy



THE R.A.F. ATTACK THE GERMANS HOLDING OUT IN LE HAVRE : This picture shows the damage inflicted by Bomber Command between August 2 and September 9, including the daylight attack of September 5. It shows a very large area of complete devastation, measuring approximately 1,800 yards by 750 yards, in the area around the Bassin du Commerce. In the bottom right-hand corner of this view smoke is seen rising from fires still burning near the Bassin de Roi



PRECISION BOMBING OF THE GERMANS IN BREST : A picture taken on September 3 as bombers of the U.S. Eighth Air Force attacked gun-emplacements and a fortress on the Brest Peninsula, where the enemy is staging one of his stubborn, but hopeless "suicide" defences. Bombs are here seen crashing into the gun-sites on the rocky coast : the fortress itself was attacked shortly afterwards

BRITISH COMMANDOS RAID THE ISLE OF CHERSO, OFF THE COAST OF YUGOSLAVIA : The scene as captured Italian prisoners were brought ashore under guard for questioning after the raid carried out on August 9

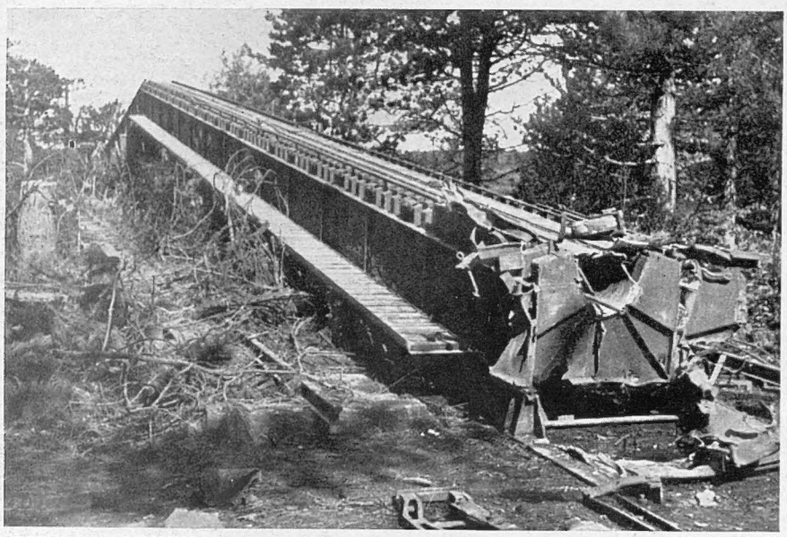
AN AMERICAN AIRMAN RESCUED BY THE COMMANDOS on their way back, after he had been drifting in the Adriatic for six days : On the eve of August 9, troops of a British Commando, commanded by Major Cameron, boarded motor torpedo-boats for a raid on the Isle of Cherso, off the coast of Yugoslavia. The island is an Italian possession, at present inhabited by numerous Fascists. The object of the surprise attack was to take German and Italian prisoners, and carry out as much damage as possible. There was no enemy opposition during the operation, and the only casualty was a sprained ankle. On the return trip, an American pilot (who was shot down into the Adriatic six days before and had baled out into a rubber dinghy) was picked up suffering from extreme exposure. The rescue was a chance in a million

THE CAPTURED FLYING-BOMB SITES

—And What They Reveal of the German V I Weapon, Now Rendered Impotent

IN THE PAS DE CALAIS : One of the many sites captured during the British advance. It was destroyed by German engineers before they retreated. This picture shows the structure on which the launching platform was built

THE LAUNCHING RAMP : On taking off, the bomb rises abruptly to clear any obstacles surrounding the site. This one was situated at Genevieve, south of Dieppe



AT BELLOY-SUR-SOMME, NEAR AMIENS : **The launching ramp, with—on top—the rails along which the bomb hurtles after its release.** As the Allied troops advanced through Northern France into Belgium, most of the flying-bomb sites in the Pas de Calais and Somme districts fell into our hands. Later, many of those along the Belgian coast suffered a similar fate. Although the Germans had stripped much of the equipment from the sites before their hurried departure, the launching platforms and storage depots were found almost intact—although, in many cases, damaged by Allied bombs. The sites were all found to be surrounded by elaborate patterns of natural camouflage. Even those which still remained in German hands during the Allied advance were unable to operate further, owing to the cessation of supplies from the main distributive centres

THE V I SITE AT GENEVIEVE, NEAR DIEPPE. Behind, on the right, is the concrete Control House, with its observation slit for the men who control the release of the flying bombs

A SITE WHICH WAS FOUND TO BE IN A BAD STATE owing to heavy R.A.F. raids. The works seen here are constructed of massive concrete : the pounding they received from heavy bombs probably had rendered this site inoperative even before its capture by our ground forces during the advance towards Belgium. The location of many of these V I sites was made known to us owing to the activities of our reconnaissance aircraft over a period of many months

A CONCRETE STORAGE HOUSE among the trees at Genevieve. Despite its concealment in the wood and the camouflage system under which it was concealed, it had suffered considerable damage from bombing by the R.A.F.

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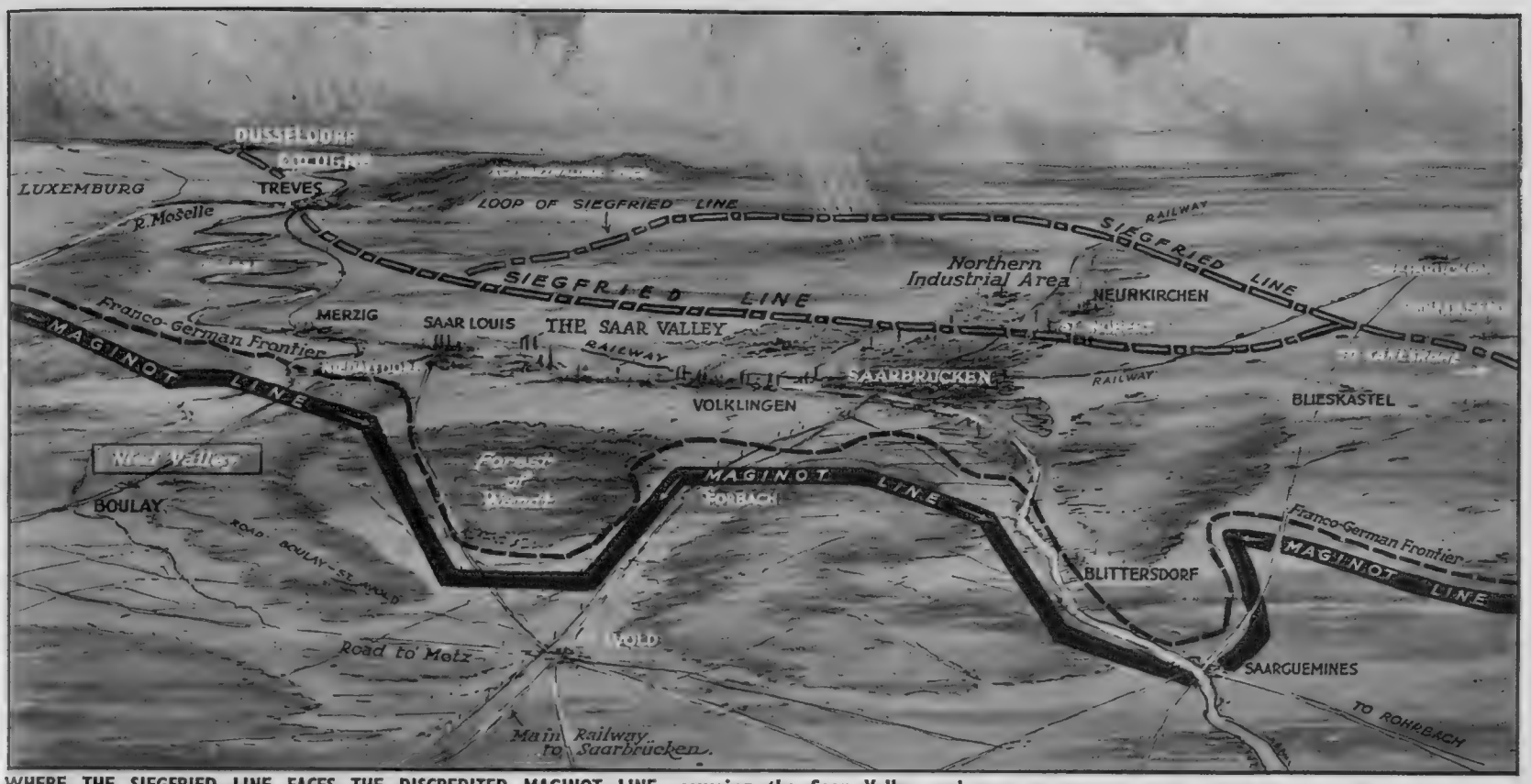


WHERE THE SIEGFRIED LINE FACES THE DISCREDITED MAGINOT LINE, covering the Saar Valley and guarding the approaches to the heart of Germany—*Drawing by Percy Home.* This diagram-drawing was first reproduced in THE SPHERE in the issue of September 23, 1939, after fighting had taken place in the area between French and German troops shortly after the opening of hostilities. Since then much has happened, including the fall of France in June 1940 and the Liberation of August-September 1944. Now, years later, the Allies are again approaching this line set up by the Germans in pre-war years as a counter to the more famous Maginot: it remains to be seen whether the Siegfried Line will become as thoroughly discredited in 1944 as the Maginot became in 1940. The drawing shows the Siegfried Line from a point above St. Avold and Saarguemines. In the middle distance is the famous Saar Valley, with its miles of coal-mines, chemical factories, glass-works and other industrial centres. The first French moves at the beginning of the war were in front of Saarbrücken into the Forest of Wandt. Then, for some curious reason, Gamelin, in command of the French armies, withdrew his forces back to the Maginot, where for long, weary months they looked out over a peaceful countryside towards their opposite numbers in the Siegfried Line

THE SIEGFRIED LINE

Back to Which the Germans have been Reported to be Retiring, for the Defence of the "Fortress Germania"

FOUR PICTURES FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1938: This one shows the lines of reinforced concrete "tank barriers" which were erected to guard the approaches to Germany's Siegfried Line. What with aerial bombing and developments in engineering technique in the field, such barriers as these would no longer prove very formidable obstacles

IN THE LINE ITSELF: Members of a German machine-gun corps leaving their underground emplacement—one of "the most modern and astounding works of our time"—as the Germans called it

Although Germany had been engaged on the construction of the Siegfried Line for many years, it was not till October 1938 that the authorities released pictures which showed some of the highlights of this vaunted defensive system. It was first conceived as a counter to the more famous Maginot Line: when the latter fell, to a vast outflanking movement almost without a blow, the Germans themselves were the first to announce that fixed fortifications no longer counted. As we now approach the Siegfried Line—we shall see! The picture on the ***immediate right*** (published in Berlin on October 24, 1938) shows "German machine-gunners in a specially-built concrete gun nest in the Western Frontier Fortifications." The picture on the ***extreme right*** (also published in 1938) shows "a flood-gate being built." It was stated that "the countryside will be flooded if necessary by this"

THE WRECKAGE OF THE PACIFIC CABLE COMPANY'S OFFICE AT SUMAY, ON THE ISLAND OF GUAM, after its recapture by the Americans. The island has an area of 225 square miles and a population of 15,000. It lies 1,500 miles from Tokyo and from the Philippines

The War in the Pacific

THE AMERICAN CAPTURE OF THE ISLAND OF GUAM

And the Re-establishment of American Rule after the Destruction of the Japs

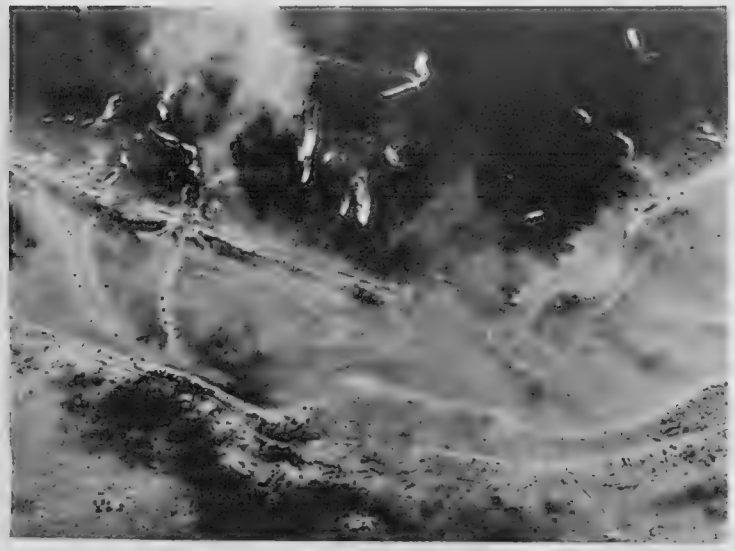
Guam is the largest and most southerly of the Ladrone Islands in the Pacific. It belonged to the United States, by whom it was used as a naval base, until its capture by the Japanese in December 1941, two days after Pearl Harbour. On July 20, 1944, Marines and infantry, supported by the U.S. Fifth Fleet, went ashore to begin the recapture of the island. Heavy fighting took place, the Japs resisting heavily: but Cabras Island (lying just off the coast) and the town of Pitti (on the mainland just opposite) were soon captured, while a few miles to the south a number of enemy troops were cut off by the isolation of the 5-miles-long Orote Peninsula. Shortly afterwards, on August 8, it was reported that three-quarters of Guam had been occupied by the Americans and that 8,000 enemy dead had been buried. On August 10, after twenty-one days of heavy fighting, Admiral Nimitz announced from Pearl Harbour that all organised enemy resistance on the island had ceased and that American rule had again been restored. One stage nearer to Japan had been achieved

AMERICAN TROOPS LINE THE SIDES OF A WRECKED STREET IN AGANA, THE CAPITAL. The church at the end is near the Governor's estate on the upper edge of the town. Only a few isolated pockets of Jap resistance remained to be cleared when this picture was taken

THE PITTI NAVAL BASE ON GUAM ISLAND, battered almost into nothingness by the Americans. Soldiers and Marines are here helping the Navy to clear the debris from the shattered streets of the base

ONCE AGAIN AMERICAN MARINES WALK THE STREETS OF GUAM. This scene in Agana, the capital of the island, clearly shows the effect of the pre-invasion sea-, land- and air-bombardments carried out on the city's buildings

TANK AND INFANTRY CLOSE IN ON A JAP PILL-BOX. The latter was built of concrete and stood at the edge of the airfield on Orote Point. The tank is firing point-blank at the pill-box, uprooting trees in its wake. (Note the flying debris at the left of the picture.) As the attack pressed close, the American soldiers could hear the explosion of hand-grenades from inside the pill-box as the Japs committed suicide



AMPHIBIOUS TANKS CROSS THE REEF AT GUAM. They are swarming over the beaches, clearing away enemy resistance. Tank Landing Ships and smaller craft have stopped at the reef; Marines and heavy armour are choosing the shallows, while a constant stream of reinforcements bring up the rear. Shell- and bomb-holes show how the Navy prepared the way for the invasion

AFTER TOUCHING-DOWN ON THE BEACH. The scene at Adelop Point. The Marines have already set up a Field Dressing Station in the foreground. Tanks and amphibious tractors and other equipment are going ashore in the background. The picture was made just one-and-a-half hours after the first wave of invaders went ashore

THE AMERICAN ADVANCE ON NOEMFOOR ISLAND: U.S. infantrymen advance behind armour through the wreckage of a Jap plane near the Kamiri airstrip. Noemfoor lies off the coast of Dutch New Guinea: it was liberated from the Japs on July 6, thus providing the Allies with more airfields within striking distance of the Philippines. The capture of Noemfoor was followed two days later by the American capture of Saipan, in the Marianas (already recorded in THE SPHERE). This heavy blow caused the resignation of the Japanese Cabinet and, later, the fall of Tojo from the Jap Premiership

THE RUBBLE IS THE RESULT OF CONSTANT BOMBING AND STRAFING. The American attacks made Guam a centre of ruin, especially around the Pitti naval base, where warehouses, palm-trees and telephone-poles were reduced to splinters

THE AMERICAN FLAG IS AGAIN RAISED ON GUAM. Late one afternoon, during the fight for Orote Peninsula by the First Provisional Marine Brigade, the ceremony of raising the flag was held at Corps Headquarters in Agana. Rear-Admiral P. L. Conolly and Major-General Geiger were both present

AMERICAN BOMBING PLANES OVER THE BONIN ISLANDS. Rising over the smoking ruins of four Jap ships which they had just bombed at Haha Jima, in the Bonins, five "Helldivers" of a Pacific Task Force re-form to return to their carriers. In the attack on Haha Jima and Chichi Jima (both in the Bonin group, 600 miles to the south of Tokyo), the carrier-borne aircraft sank at least thirteen Jap ships, damaged twenty others, shot down thirty-two Jap planes and damaged another ninety-six

BROUGHT UP FROM THE HARBOUR BED: Nets, buoys, anchors and a variety of other nautical prizes now lie in the Net Depot at Cherbourg. In the background is a barge which was used by the Germans as an anti-aerial-torpedo vessel

CLEARING CHERBOURG HARBOUR

A Great Work of Salvage begun by the Americans after the Surrender of the Germans

Below—**A BRIDGE BLASTED BY THE GERMANS, which was left to block the entrance to one of the basins. It has now been removed by American Naval and Army salvage experts**

For some time news of the work proceeding in Cherbourg Harbour was not published, owing to censorship restrictions. It can now be stated, however, that the great harbour is again in use as a supply terminal for the Allied Armies on the Continent. The first cargo-ships have been unloaded, turned round, and made further journeys back and forth—and the German *Luftwaffe* has carried out reconnaissance raids over the harbour, to see for themselves what is going on. The pictures reproduced here partially lift the veil from recent Allied activities

THE CABOOSE OF A NAZI "BUOY TRAIN." A German sentry had the very unenviable duty of standing watch in this floating sentry-box attached to the seaward end of a long train of "Sickle-buoys." These were taken up by salvage experts from the waters off Cherbourg. In the background is one of the concrete forts which commanded the harbour from the seaward side

SOME OF THE SALVAGE VESSELS WHICH HAVE BEEN WORKING IN CHERBOURG HARBOUR: Part of the "weird and wonderful fleet of little ships" which have been getting the port clear of the demolitions caused by the Germans—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

No other service seems to employ such a weird collection of working vessels as does Salvage. None of them are big, and all of them are crammed with tackle and machinery for their specialised job. The drawing above shows salvage craft at work in the harbour soon after the surrender by the Germans, with smoke still rising from the demolished harbour works. In the foreground is a special ship with enormous derricks and a bow specially designed for taking a load of 150 tons. Alongside her a diving craft is at work, with a diver descending to survey a sunken ship. In the background is an ex-trawler, converted for salvage work, anchored near another wreck, and in the foreground is a local boat from which a seaman is taking soundings round the wreck at the right. Before leaving, the Germans sank blockships at the entrance to channels and docks, and they sowed the five square miles of roadstead inside the breakwater with minefields, time charges and marine booby-traps. Not only did the Germans blow up the great cranes on the quays, but the quays themselves

AN INVASION SECRET REVEALED

A Great "Harbour" of Steel Erected off the Normandy Beaches—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Many wonderful devices were invented for the invasion of Northern France: some of them are still secret—and will remain so for a long time. Others have already been divulged to the general public. The pipe-line laid from Southern England to the beachhead, to supply precious fuel to the field armies, is one of the latter: another is the wonderful construction of vast extent illustrated in the above drawing.

In his review of the war situation given to the House of Commons by the Prime Minister on August 2, he made reference to this in the following terms: "An immense system of harbours, breakwaters and landing-stages was prepared as soon as the foothold was gained and they could be disposed in their appropriate places to give large, sheltered water space. In less than a month harbours had been created compared to which Dover seems small. At these harbours and on the beaches, every requisite of a very large army, with the entire elaborate equipment of modern armies which have about one vehicle for every four or five men, was landed, and by the end of June, in spite of the worst June gales for forty years, a solid base had been created. . . ."

An "opposed landing" has for long been regarded as one of the most difficult and dangerous operations in war. For this reason, for months before D-Day, an army of men had been engaged on the erection—or "pre-fabrication"—of these harbours at certain points along the English coast. These floating structures of steel were then transported across the Channel under the protection of the Royal Navy and placed in position in the manner shown above. They served as breakwaters for the big ships anchored off the dangerous coast, as well as causeways for men and supplies: in fact, they formed a harbour in which the big ships could lie whilst waiting their turn to unload. The series of storms which sprang up during the critical period of the invasion were thus unable seriously to affect the Allied "build-up."

In this way the absence of a large port, such as Cherbourg, was immaterial to the Allied Armies busily engaged in amassing equipment and supplies for the big drive into Belgium and Germany

ANOTHER NAVAL SECRET REVEALED

How the Famous Monitor "Roberts" Increases Her Range During Bombardments

—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

During the naval bombardments of Normandy in the early days of the invasion, H.M.S. *Roberts* was in repeated action off the coast for nineteen days, shelling German targets on land. With rare intervals for re-ammunitioning and replacements of worn gun-barrels, she fired a total of 700 15-in. shells. On some occasions the target was beyond the monitor's maximum range, but a stratagem was used to overcome the difficulty. After firing two or three rounds, the ship developed a roll. The Warrant Officer, up aloft in the director, timed the firing to coincide with the apex of the roll. The guns were then at an elevation necessary to achieve the additional range. In Nelson's day, when an action was fought in a seaway and the guns trained on the enemy's hull between "wind and water," it was customary to "shoot on the up-roll," on the principle that it was better to "miss high" and perhaps damage the enemy's masts and rigging than to "miss low" and waste a round shot in the sea. H.M.S. *Roberts* has two 15-in. guns which fire shells weighing nearly a ton apiece: she has played a considerable part in the present war, as her predecessors did on occasion, during the last war

THE LAST STAND OF THE GERMANS ON THE WEST BANK OF THE RIVER SEINE: The picturesque town of Dreux, through which the Allied columns passed on their way to beat the Germans at Pont Audemer and Vernon—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Above—As the final stage in the Battle of Normandy opened, the Germans attempted an impromptu defence in an area which they hoped would block the way to the Seine. Military opinion described this protective screen as facing south and running through Bernay, Conches, Evreux and Louviers. To the south of this area lay the pleasant little town of Dreux, bordered on one side by a large patch of forest. The Allies, working up from the south, penetrated into Dreux, and just beyond came in contact with the enemy. The town is distinguished by an unusual type of Hotel de Ville. It occupies a square-built, tower-like building bearing exterior Renaissance work. Semi-circular projections at the corners of the towers add to the attractiveness of the building. After reaching the area, Allied troops discovered some desperate enemy rearguards attempting to hold a line between Dreux and Verneuil. This opposition was quickly overcome and so rapidly did the general attack from north, west, and south proceed that the edges of this supposed protective area were at once bitten into. Evreux fell within twenty-four hours, as well as Conches. The attempted stand had proved abortive, and the Allied columns roared through Dreux towards Ivry and Vernon, Evreux and Louviers

AFTER the CROSSING of the SEINE

The Entry into Amiens by the British, and into Dieppe by the Canadians

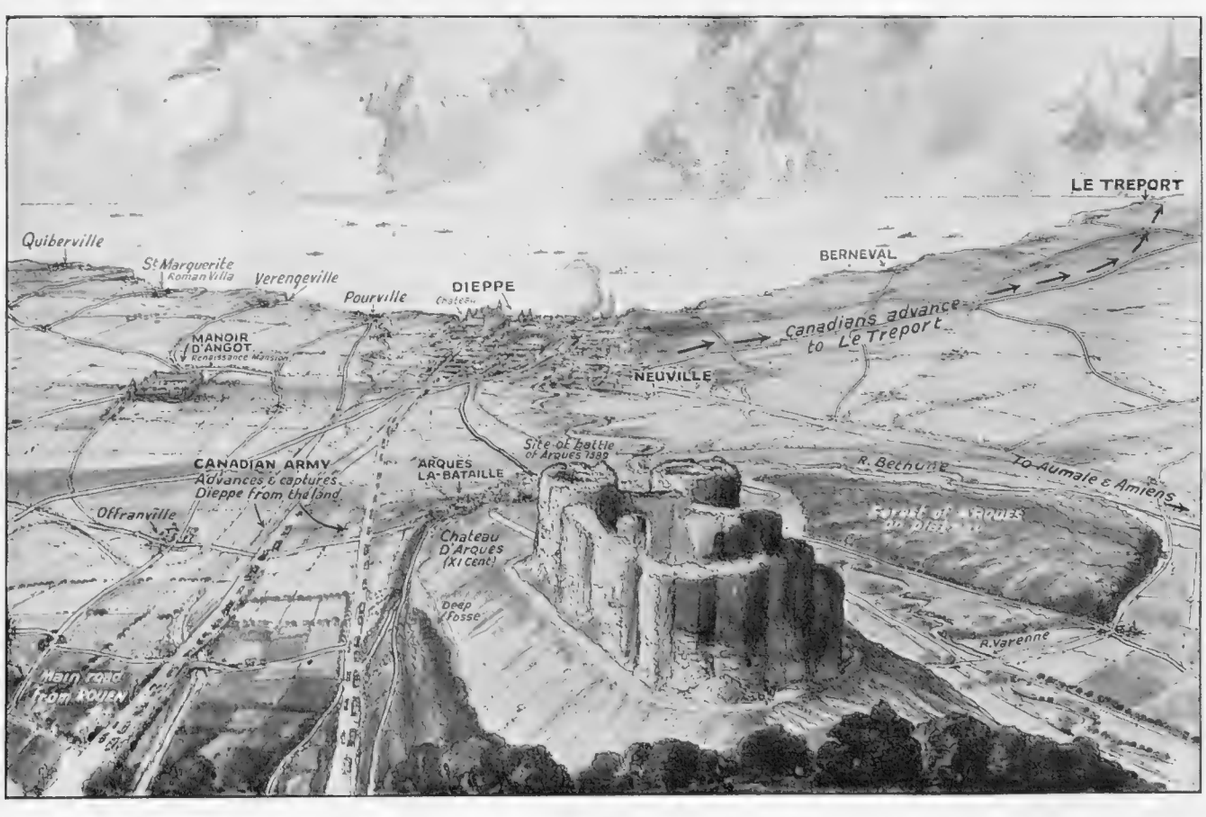
Below—Two British armoured columns approached Les Andelys, which stand at the head of the great loop of the River Seine lying between Vernon and Louviers, where two crossings had been made during the last week in August.

As they approached the two small towns of Grand and Petit Andely they saw standing out in striking manner on a high cliff at the tip of the bend of the river the famous Chateau Gaillard. This notable castle, whose walls gleam white in the sunshine, holds a commanding position at the bend of the Seine. It was erected by Richard Cœur de Lion. He is said to have designed it himself from castles he had seen in Syria, and took a keen interest in its building. It was built purely for defence, and was planned to be impregnable against any force. Its most striking feature is the ribbed surface of the walls of the inner bailey, which have no flat surface, but are composed of a series of half-circular towers: even in its ruined condition the castle shows its great strength and the skill of its construction. The little town of Le Petit Andely lies immediately below the chalk cliff of the castle, which hides it from view, while Le Grand Andely lies a little to the north. The view of the Seine from Chateau Gaillard, is one of great charm and beauty

AFTER THE LAST STAND HAD BEEN DEFEATED: THE BRITISH COLUMNS CROSS THE WINDING RIVER SOUTH OF LES ANDELYS AND CHATEAU GAILLARD. In an unending stream, tanks and guns pass the historic castle, whose walls gleamed white in the summer sunshine: it was erected centuries ago by Richard Cœur de Lion to guard the city of Rouen from the landward side. (*See notes above*)—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

THE RAPID ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH FORCES FROM THE SEINE BRINGS THEM TO THE CITY OF AMIENS. THE SCENE IN ONE OF THE STREETS LEADING TO THE FAMOUS CATHEDRAL, which was so intimately known to the men of the Fifth Army during the last war—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Amiens is a city crowded with memories for the older men, who can call back recollections of the city in the days when they used to be behind the lines (and, at one portentous time, quite close to the German thrusting troops following the Fifth Army). It was fortunate that it was a section of the British Army under General Dempsey which was able to push forward and penetrate the streets leading to the square in front of the great portals of the cathedral. One recalled its roof in those Fifth Army days—one shell-hole through the nave portion—and the better hotels and cafés one used to visit. There was one where officers forgathered, waited on by a bright French maiden sparkling like a vivandière. There was gaiety in spite of the forward trenches. One correspondent recalls how he revisited Amiens in the years between the two wars with Germany. He sought out his particular café: he was confronted with a solid-looking French-woman. It was the vivandière. "We looked at one another—ghosts from a vanished past," he said



***On right*—THE CANADIANS CAPTURE DIEPPE—FROM THE LAND, a little over two years after their first attack on the port from the sea in 1942**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

It was very fitting that the Canadians, after forcing the last Germans across the Seine and themselves pursuing the enemy into the Pas de Calais, should enter Dieppe from the landward. There must have been vivid memories for some of those who took part in the memorable assault on Dieppe from the sea in the initial essay of landing operations on the coast of France. Now on this second occasion when Canadian troops were again approaching the historic port, the conditions were very different. The enemy was no longer ensconced behind the network of cunning defences, held with determined vigour, but was seeking safety in flight, with only a pocket rearguard platoon anywhere standing its ground. As the Canadian Army swung towards the coast, they entered a very historic area of Northern France. On their right towered the huge bastions of the Château d'Arques, built by an uncle of William the Conqueror and the scene of many a fight beneath its walls, close to the little town of Arques-la-Bataille, where the streams of the Varenne and the Bethune unite. Henry of Navarre won a brilliant victory here against huge odds—a victory which gave him the crown of France as Henri IV. On their left flank, over the intervening meadows, was the Manoir D'Angot, a wonderful example of the Renaissance mansion. Roman remains remind one that this is territory over which Cæsar's troops marched. The Canadian advanced units discovered that the enemy had blown up the harbour equipment very thoroughly, leaving only the beaches as immediate landing-places

THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE, IN THE CENTRE OF BRUSSELS, SET ON FIRE BY THE GERMANS just before they fled. It was here that they had established a wireless station. As the British troops entered, flames were seen to break out: the dome was destroyed and a good deal of the building was gutted; but it is far from being a total wreck

THE FIRST PICTURE FROM ANTWERP; A GERMAN SHELL STRIKING ONE OF THE TALL BUILDINGS IN THE CITY, after its entry by the British on September 4. (Note the deserted streets whilst the enemy shelling was in progress.) The great Belgian port was captured in the course of a few hours, shortly after the fall of Brussels: its German Commander was taken prisoner whilst at lunch in his private house, after the garrison had been caught napping by the rapidity and resource of the British attack

THE LIBERATION
ANOTHER
And the Capture of
After Over Four Years

IN THE MAIN STREET OF DOUAI: Part of t
a phenomenal advance from Falaise in
a speed never befor

AFTER BRUSSELS, CAPITAL OF BELGIUM, HAD BEEN FREED BY THE BRITISH SECOND ARMY ON SEPTEMBER 4. The citizens burn an effigy and portraits of Hitler in the centre of the city. They were "mad with joy," and flags and flowers everywhere greeted the liberators. The sound of the guns in other parts of the city, where fighting was still going on when this picture was taken, was masked by the cheers of the people as the British tanks streamed in

OF EUROPEAN CAPITAL

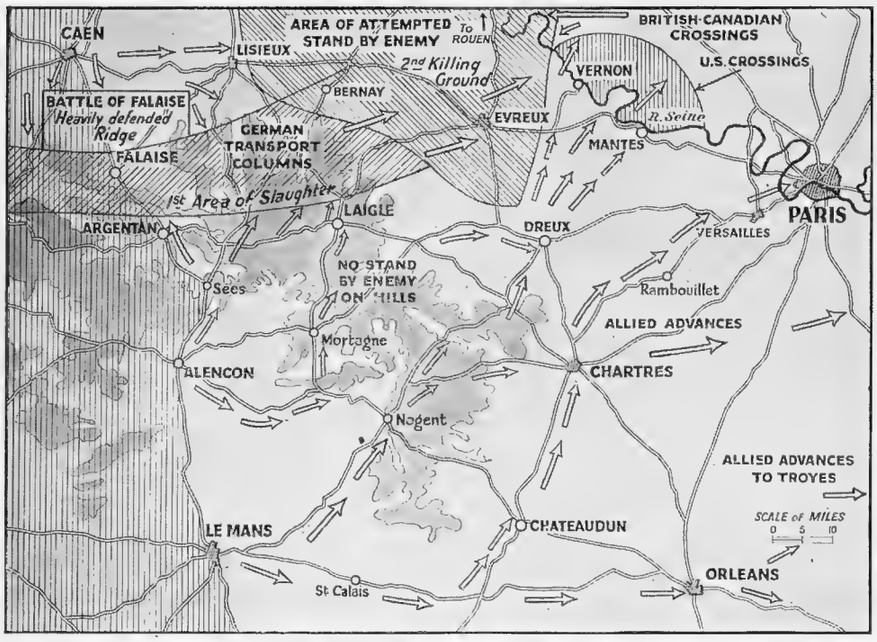
ore Big Towns by the Allies
of Occupation by the Germans

e Guards Armoured Division which carried out Belgium, covering a distance of 480 miles at equalled in modern warfare

IN THE HISTORIC CITY OF VERDUN, captured by the American Army under General Patton. It was here that the French put up their epic defence during the war of 1914-18. It was captured by the Americans on September 1 during their approach to the borders of Germany

The FINAL STAGES of the NORMANDY BATTLE

which Led to the Rapid Over-running of the Pas de Calais and the Low Countries



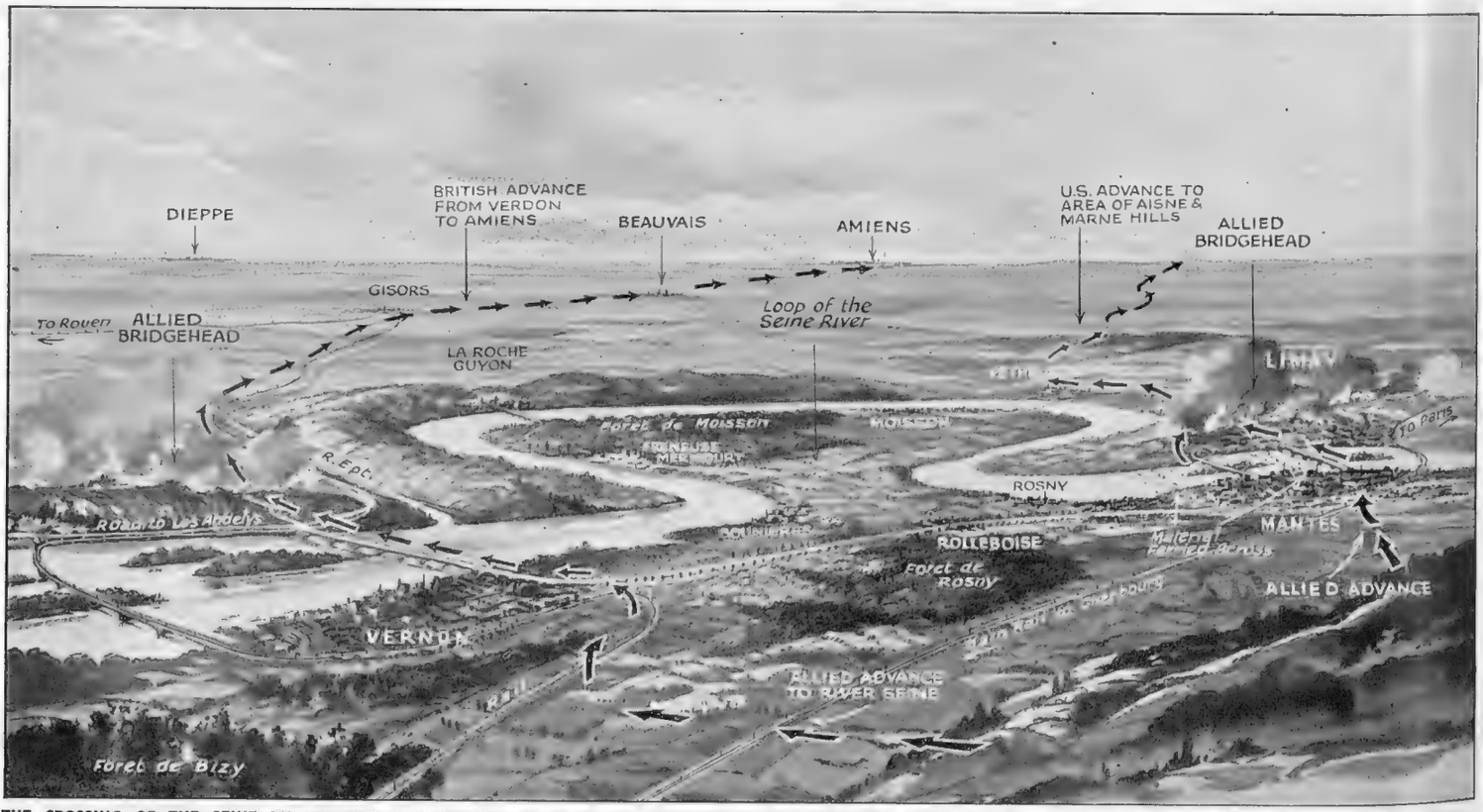
THE AREA IN NORMANDY TO THE WEST OF THE SEINE, where the Germans attempted a last stand: showing, also, the two "killing areas," where the enemy's columns were caught in retreat and slaughtered. As the dust of battle settles over each successive stretch of liberated territory, the beginning of the end of certain chapters become more defined. Certain minor features coalesce and the general picture takes form. When the last German troops were escaping from the first "bottleneck" between Falaise and Argentan, the Allied main disposition was no longer running east and west, *but north and south*, stretching from Falaise through Argentan, Sees, Alencon, and Le Mans. Away to the north the enemy was endeavouring to stabilise some sort of delaying lines within which he hoped to put his retreating troops into some sort of battle array. This attempted stoppage of the Allied advances proved unavailing, and in a slightly more southerly area a second "slaughter area" developed, as bad, if not worse, for the enemy, as the original Falaise-Argentan bottleneck. Allied columns themselves shifted eastwards and formed the first bridgeheads across the Seine below Paris. All the movements of the Allies were now west to east. Armour careered forward over unmined roads and unbroken bridges at a pace which astonished all observers

After August 18, there was a great race to the Seine by both the enemy and the Allied armoured columns. The Germans were in full retreat, hastening to get over the river, where barges and all kinds of craft were waiting to carry them across, every bridge being destroyed by the Allied Air Forces just before the invasion. To the south of the Germans, American armoured columns were also rushing to win the race for the Seine, which they reached at Mantes on Sunday, August 20. Meanwhile, the engineers were building pontoon-bridges over the wide, swiftly-flowing river—a difficult task carried out in a short time. Mantes, a fairly large town, had been severely bombed by the Allies, so that the Americans found the industrial part of the city a scene of desolation.

The Seine makes one of its many bends at Mantes, curving in a great loop before it reaches Vernon, on its way to the estuary. From the high ground at Rollebois one could see the river winding round the Forêt Moisson, but there was no sign of the enemy. Six days after the first arrival of the Americans at Mantes the British armoured columns arrived at Vernon, on August 26, having covered 40 miles in six hours. There was a little machine-gun firing by the enemy, who had been holding the river from Vernon to Le Havre as an escaping outlet for the remnants of the Seventh Army. This opposition was too slight to hold up the British, who were able to get their tanks across on August 28, and to hold a strong bridgehead. On the 29th, the British armour which had gathered in the Forêt de Vernon, on the eastern bank, set off in two columns to the north-east.

One column went towards Rouen, the other along the line of the River Ept, towards Gisors. This column was held up for a short time by mines and demolition at St. Clair-sur-Epte, but this difficulty was soon mastered, and the column then swept on through Gisors to Beauvais

ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 25, the first British troops to cross the Seine were waiting at Vernon. A small artillery barrage was put down on the enemy side, and the troops made the crossing in boats under fire



THE CROSSING OF THE SEINE BY THE PURSUING BRITISH ARMIES: The establishment of a bridgehead at Vernon and the subsequent advance to Beauvais and Amiens. The American route through Mantes and across the river to Limay is shown on the right: this paved the way for the subsequent U.S. advance to the Aisne and the Marne and beyond—*(See notes above)*—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

THE FATAL PASSAGE OF THE RIVER SEINE, "WHERE THE GERMANS PAID A FEARFUL TOLL IN LIFE AND MATERIAL." The enemy were caught in the daylight as they attempted to reach the supposed security of the northern bank. All kinds of vessels, large and small, were pressed into service as ferries: these were attacked by R.A.F. bombers and cannon-firing fighters with dire results—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

When the general flight towards the north began, the Germans were faced with the task of crossing the winding River Seine in a desperate effort to escape the grip of the advancing Allied columns. The presence of thick forest country in all the loops of the river gave the enemy useful cover, of which he was at first able to take advantage. He would wait his time in dusk, or after nightfall, and endeavour to escape the watchful eyes of the R.A.F. as they searched the bends of the river for such movements. As the situation grew worse, the German troops employed any kind of craft to reach the safer northern shore. Kit and equipment of all kinds were abandoned. As the general situation deteriorated, the river crossings were more and more attempted in daylight. On August 26 it was reported that "the enemy are using big ships, small craft, rowing-boats—in fact, anything that will float—in their frantic efforts to ferry the remnants of the German Seventh Army to the comparative safety of the other bank of the Seine. Our air forces," the account continued, "are seizing this golden opportunity with both hands. Our aeroplanes are swooping down on the Germans and their transport and blasting them with bombs, rockets and cannon-shells. These lovely reaches, with their cliff-like ramparts on the north side, resounded to the crash and whistle of bomb, rocket and shell while this fearsome period in the Battle of France worked itself to a close"

***On right*—WHERE THE LAST AND TOUGHEST FIGHTING TOOK PLACE—in the Caudebec and Pont Audemer area, where the Germans resisted with desperation to give their main forces a chance to cross between Havre and Rouen**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

As the Germans retreated to the Seine, they made for crossings below Rouen, at three great bends of the river which were covered by forests—good hiding-places from the Allied Air Force. They put up a strong resistance on the western banks to give their comrades a chance to get across the river. The Canadians, following close behind the enemy, had to fight their way through the charming little town of Pont Audemer, on the River Risle, with its main road leading direct for Quillebœuf, on the Seine, and the road to the right leading through the great Forêt de Bretonne to the river opposite Caudebec.

Pont Audemer was well known to visitors to Normandy as a place where it was possible to obtain fresh trout from the river, and few failed to find time to have lunch at the Hotel de Vieux Puits, where they served this delicacy. The little town on the Risle was full of sixteenth-century timbered houses and possessed a distinctive charm of peaceful prosperity. Now the armies have swept through it, as is shown in the accompanying picture, where the Canadians are crossing the bridge. They had a difficult task, after leaving Pont Audemer, in clearing the Forêt de Bretonne of the Germans, who were fighting hard to keep Caudebec open.

Barentin and Dieppe lay before the advancing columns as they climbed on to the high ground on the north bank

ROCKET-CARRYING HURRICANES OF THE R.A.F. attack German shipping off the Dalmatian coast—a scene at the entrance to Cattaro Harbour—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

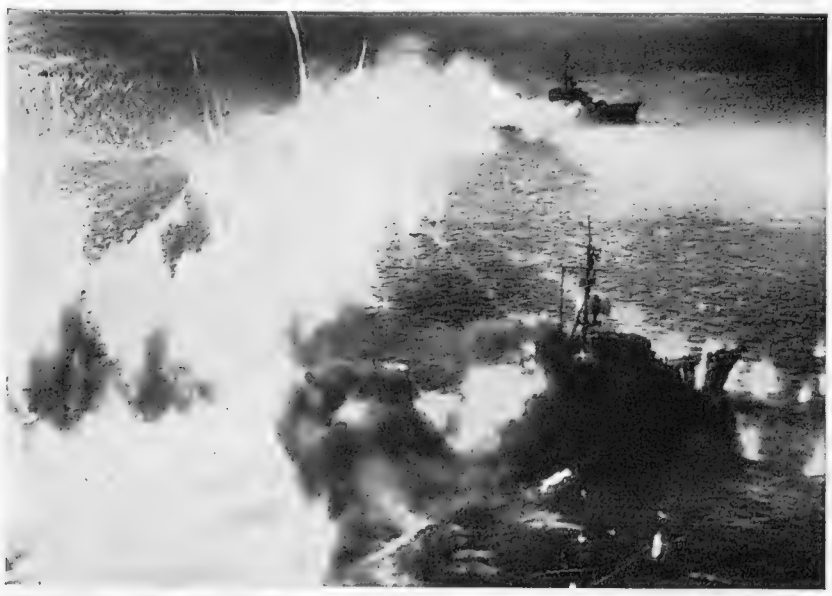
THE ROCKET-FIRING AIRCRAFT

How It Attacks by Land and by Sea

—Special Sphere Drawings and Official Photographs

The rocket-propelled shell has proved to be a most successful addition to the armament of certain types of fighter aircraft. Three outstanding aircraft have been fitted with this devastating weapon: the Typhoon has gained most attention during recent months, perhaps, owing to its exploits against the fleeing German Army in Northern France and Belgium: but Hurricanes and Thunderbolts have also been setting up records for efficient work in many theatres of war. It has been estimated that the fire-power of the modified Typhoon (now employed as a fighter-bomber) is equal to the broadside of a light cruiser: its rockets will penetrate 3 ft. of reinforced concrete and play havoc with 6 ins. of armour-plate. Some of the existing Hurricanes (whose production has now been discontinued), fitted with rocket armament, have been doing good work in the Adriatic lately by strafing enemy convoys. Cattaro Harbour, shown in the above drawing, is a wonderful hide-out for shipping, with its numerous inland sheets of water and with a narrow entrance which provides immediate cover from pursuing surface vessels. The attack depicted in our drawing by rocket-firing Hurricanes was made before the shelter of Cattaro Harbour was reached by the convoy and heavy damage was sustained by the enemy ships.

R.A.F. BEAUFIGHTERS ATTACK SHIPPING IN THE ADRIATIC: An enemy supply vessel at the quayside at Parenzo is here seen under fire. The attacking Beaufighters had an escort of Mustangs for this operation, one of many such carried out by planes of the Balkan Air Force on enemy shipping in the Adriatic



THE R.A.F. SINK TWO ENEMY WARSHIPS. This action took place off Le Verdon, in the mouth of the River Gironde recently. An Elbing class torpedo-boat and a Seetier class destroyer were hit repeatedly by rocket projectiles from the Beaufighters: subsequent reconnaissance revealed only oil streaks on the water where the two warships had gone down. In this picture the torpedo-boat is obscured by clouds of smoke from exploding ammunition and from fires which raged along the length of her hull

ROCKET BEAUFIGHTERS SINK A GERMAN ESCORT VESSEL. Two heavily-armed German escort vessels, lying at anchor off Royan, at the mouth of the Gironde, were attacked by rocket- and cannon-firing Beaufighters of Coastal Command. After reconnaissance it was found that one of the ships had been sunk and the other was still on fire on the day following the action. In the picture above, a Beaufighter (on the left) is seen breaking away from the target which is already streaming with smoke

"SILVER AGAINST THE AZURE BLUE"—OR, BEAUTY AMIDST TERROR. Allied bombers going out on a mission are caught by the morning sun over the dark forests of Northern France and glow like silver—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

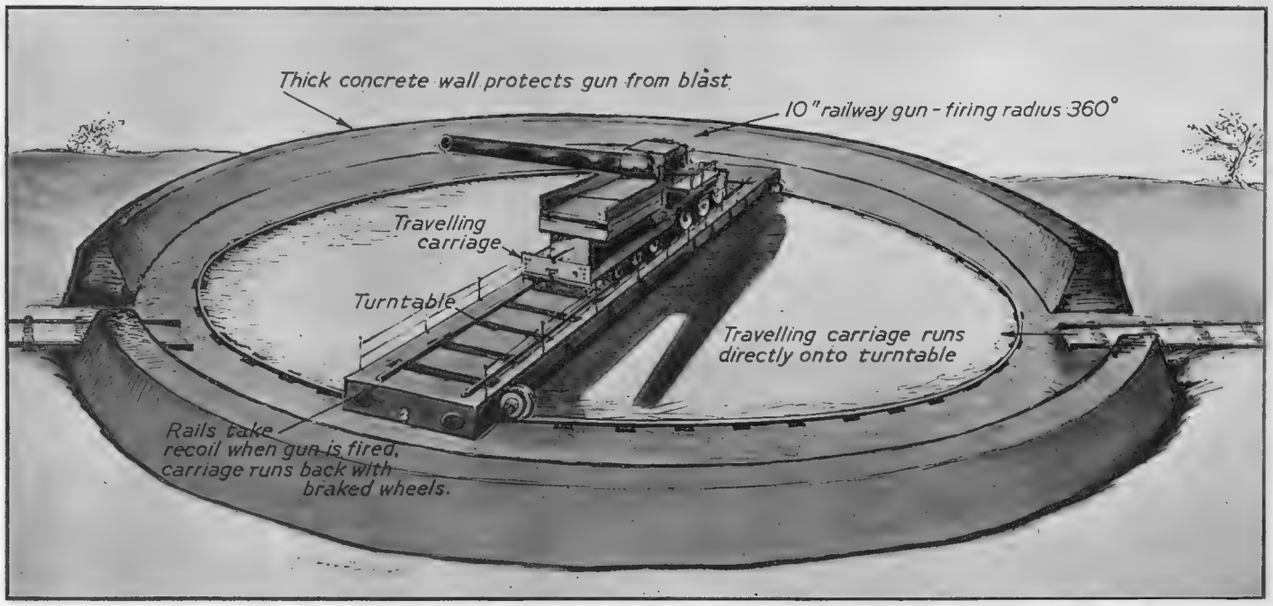
In Northern France and Belgium, at this time of the year, it is usual for a thick ground haze to cover the countryside in the early morning: it scarcely clears away until about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning: nevertheless, our bombers "are out to make hay while the sun shines," as Christopher Buckley put it. In a recent despatch, he recorded the scene illustrated by Mr. Davies above. "To-day," he wrote, "I saw wave after wave of our bombers, silver against the azure blue of the summer sky, pass overhead. No sooner had one wave passed out of hearing than its successor could be heard. . . . These mighty engines moved across the heavens to carry out their grim and deadly task. I counted several hundreds of them in that hour, and I have little doubt that they are still passing high above those meadows on their missions against the land forces of the Germans"

BLASTING THE GERMANS DURING THEIR HEADLONG RETREAT: Thunderbolts carry out an attack on a German armoured column with rocket-projectiles—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Recently, the Thunderbolt was equipped with the latest devastating weapon of aerial warfare: like the Typhoon, it too has already scored great successes during attacks on the German armour in France and Belgium. During the fighting around Argentan Thunderbolt fighter-bombers stopped three big German columns by bombing them with rocket shells: the pilots reported the destruction of approximately 100 vehicles and a number of tanks as the result of this onslaught. The rocket shell is, undoubtedly, one of the most considerable weapons in use by aircraft to-day. During the fighting around Caen and during the attempted break-through by the Germans near Avranches it was this instrument which broke up the Nazi tank formations and overwhelmed the counter-offensive even before it began. In the subsequent pursuit of the beaten Germans through France and Belgium, the enemy's remaining armour and transport vehicles—to say nothing of railway trucks, engines, ferries and all-important oil depots—were heavily pounded by these same weapons

DEVICES and EQUIPMENT of the Allies and the Germans

Recent Pictures from Germany, Italy, France and America



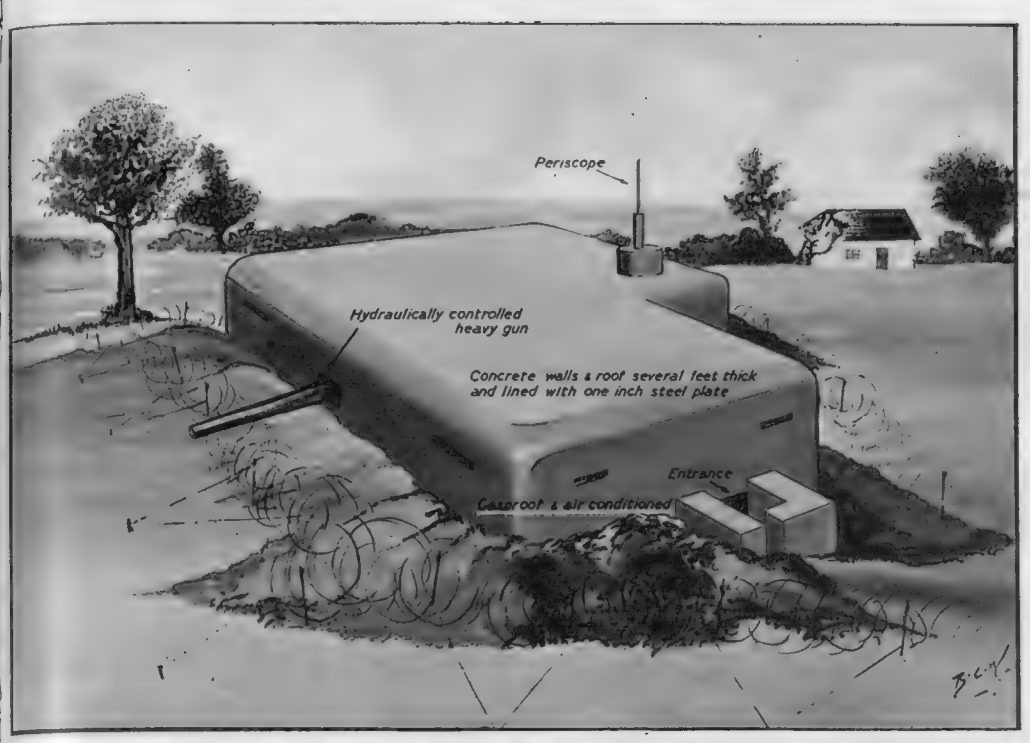
HOW THE GERMANS PREPARED FOR OUR LANDINGS IN FRANCE: A huge railroad gun of 10-in. calibre which was found in Normandy—*Drawing by B. C. Wood.* This giant 10-in. railroad gun was mounted on a circular track: it had a firing radius of 360 degrees, and was used by the Germans against British shipping in the Channel. Before it could be used against our invasion armies, however, Allied bombers had put it out of action in the manner shown in the photograph on the right. The gun is of a type which is mounted on a travelling carriage, the whole setting being reminiscent of a locomotive turn-table: it is not designed to travel on a road and can be used only for coastal defences or for long-range shelling from a fixed emplacement. The undercarriage has to be enormously strong to withstand the great weight and the shock of the recoil. Gun and mounting together move round in a circle on rails sunk well below the protective concrete wall. When the gun is fired, the recoil is taken up, in part, by a run back on the rails of the undercarriage. Couplings are provided so that gun and mounting can be hauled into another position as occasion demands—but this is not a light undertaking owing to the great weights involved

THE RAILROAD GUN AFTER THE ALLIED BOMBERS HAD FINISHED WITH IT. Before it could do any damage against the Americans in the Cherbourg Peninsula, the big weapon had been put out of action in the manner shown above. Large blocks of its concrete emplacement had been hurled all over the place

FAKE BOMB DAMAGE TO DECEIVE ALLIED AIRMEN. Plywood and netting give a solid and realistic appearance to this "ruin," which was erected to conceal a German underground headquarters. The site was captured recently near Soissons, in France, by the Americans

A CLEVERLY-CAMOUFLAGED PLYWOOD AND NETTING "FARMHOUSE," with imitation windows painted on the netting, the whole being built over one of the underground barracks of the Germans between Soissons and Laon. Americans driving towards the Belgian frontier have overrun a huge underground system of tunnels, at least 25 square miles in extent, in an area between Soissons and Laon. According to civilians, the Germans cleared the district three years ago and built up the subterranean city with fake surface buildings and even "bomb damage." "Farmhouses" were constructed from camouflaged netting, and beneath "bombed" buildings, round which the Germans had spread charcoal to simulate the effect of fires, was accommodation for more than 100,000 men. It is believed that the installation (which was so cleverly camouflaged that a correspondent drove right across it for several miles without being aware of its existence) had been intended for use as the headquarters for the German Armies of the West, or as a second line of defence between the invasion beaches and the Maginot Line

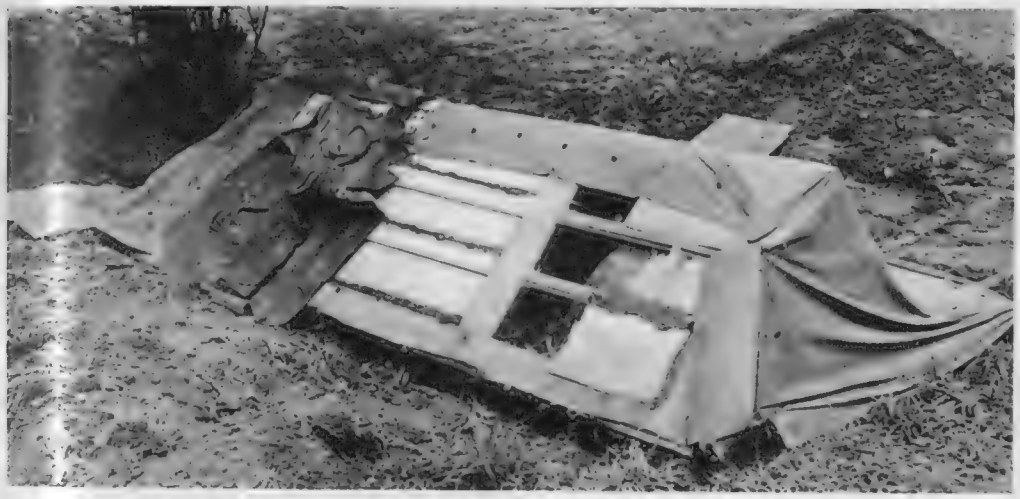
A NEW WAR VEHICLE: THE WEASEL. The existence of this low-slung personnel and supply carrier was revealed recently by the U.S. War Department in Washington. It is powered by an engine located in front and alongside the driver's right hand. Its tracks are rubber-padded, and the vehicle's light weight makes it capable of travelling over extreme terrain conditions not possible with most other vehicles. Officially known as the M29, it is now being turned out in numbers in Indiana by the Studebaker Corporation



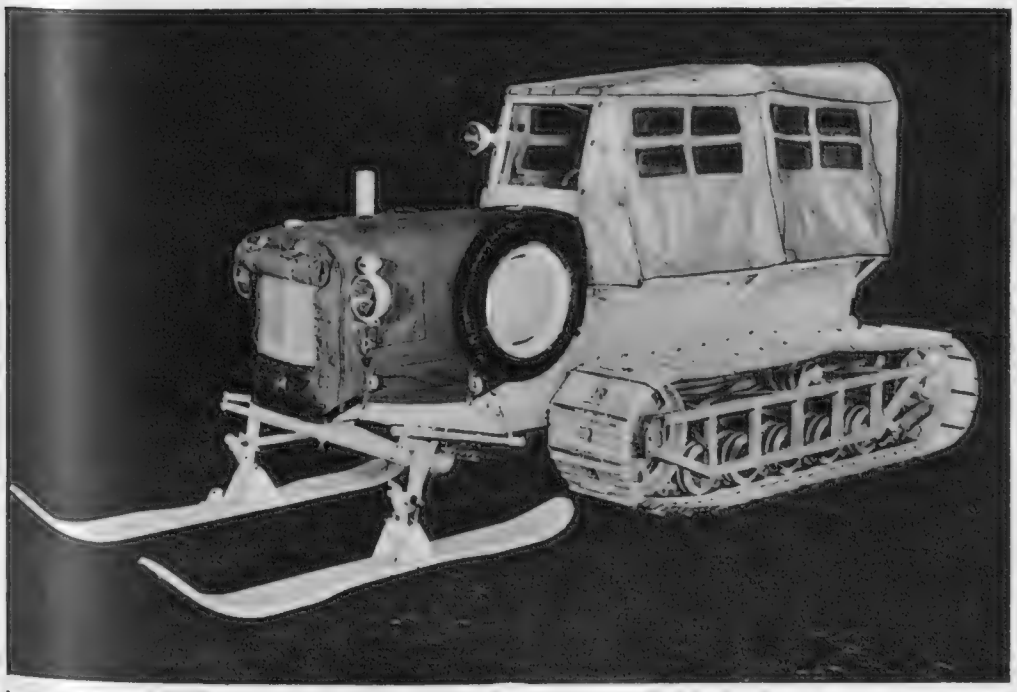
THE GERMAN AFFECTION FOR "KOLOSSAL" PILL-BOXES. Specimens of these massive concrete constructions were found at many points inland—*Drawing by B. C. Wood.* Positions such as the above were erected by the Germans at many points along their "Atlantic Wall." But—in addition—specimens were also found at points inland, where they could serve only as super "pill-boxes." But the German has always been fond of the "Kolossal"! Such a specimen as that depicted here must have cost several thousands of pounds and several thousand man-hours. It has concrete walls several feet thick and lined with an inch of steel plate; hydraulically-controlled guns—the barrels were taken away by the Germans when they abandoned it; gas-proof portholes; air-conditioning plant; a submarine periscope; a cupola, off which shells have bounced; and luxurious living-rooms connected by underground tunnels. It was constructed by French labourers under German supervision, and it was intended to hold up an Allied advance

AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A GERMAN INLAND "BLOCK-HOUSE." This was located in the town of St. Lô: it is of massive concrete construction, with huge steel doors. Inside are living quarters, with a power plant and a communications centre

A CONCRETE FORTRESS ON THE SEA COAST. The citadel of St. Malo after its surrender on August 17. This was held by the Germans for nearly two weeks against besieging American troops. During that time it was heavily bombarded from the land and air



AN AMERICAN "INVENTION" to provide an infantryman with adequate shelter. This picture comes from France: it shows how an ingenious American soldier solved the housing problem for himself. He took a door, with a window in its top half, added his own canvas shelter to one side, attached an old German leather coat—and made a one-man shelter all for himself. Inside, he had dug out a "fox-hole" for protection against shell and bomb splinters. The result was quite comfortable and comparatively safe!



A TRACTOR DESIGNED FOR SERVICE IN THE ARCTIC. This special American Army tractor has been evolved for service in the bleak and frozen North. It can carry supplies to troops stationed in snowbound areas, or it can set out to the rescue of airmen forced down in the Arctic. The tractor can tow a one-ton trailer at 40 m.p.h., and the skis are replaceable by wheels where conditions permit. The trailer is equipped with a heater and an insulated canopy. The whole outfit is built to travel over the roughest of country

A NEW GERMAN ANTI-TANK WEAPON. This specimen fell into British hands during the advance in Italy. It is marked "Faust patrone," which means "Fist cartridge." It would appear to be of rocket inspiration, and is intended for use by the infantry. To judge by its appearance, it falls far short of similar weapons of American and British manufacture

SCENES from the BATTLE AREAS of the WORLD

THE DEED FOR WHICH FLYING OFFICER JOHN ALEXANDER CRUICKSHANK, of No. 210 Squadron, R.A.F., WAS AWARDED THE VICTORIA CROSS. A picture taken by one of the crew of his Catalina as the aircraft went in for a low-level attack on a German submarine. Flying Officer Cruickshank was the captain and pilot of a flying-boat recently engaged on anti-submarine patrol over northern waters. When a U-boat was sighted on the surface, the Catalina at once turned to the attack. The pilot was wounded in seventy-two places, and other members of the crew were killed or wounded: despite this, Flying Officer Cruickshank pressed home his attack and sank the enemy submarine. For five and a half hours on the return journey he was partly unconscious owing to loss of blood: nevertheless, on arrival over his base the pilot manœuvred for a full hour to allow the aircraft to be brought down without undue risk. After landing he was at once taken to hospital, and it was there that he was told that he had been awarded the V.C. In the picture above, it will be observed that no Germans are visible on the deck of the submarine, although the guns all point upwards towards the attacking aircraft: the gunners must all have been concealed behind the armour-plated gun-shields

LEASE-LEND FOR THE EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA. The first aircraft to be sent out to Ethiopia under Lease-Lend has now been delivered to the Emperor in Addis Ababa. It was handed over by Major B. F. Giles at a ceremony on the aerodrome. In this picture, Mr. J. K. Caldwell, U.S. Minister, is presenting the document of delivery to the Emperor, watched by Major Giles, who handed the plane over, and other dignitaries

R.A.F. BEAUFIGHTERS ATTACK GERMAN HEADQUARTERS IN YUGOSLAVIA: The building is almost hidden by smoke as rockets speed towards the target. Rocket-carrying Beaufighters of the Balkan Air Force recently carried out an attack on a building in Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, suspected of being a German H.Q. for operations against Marshal Tito's Partisan forces. Attacking in two waves, the Beaufighters first raked the building with cannon-fire and then went in with their rockets. The target was well hit with both cannon shells and rockets, and as the aircraft turned for home the building was obscured from view by heavy clouds of smoke. R.A.F. and S.A.A.F. crews took part in the attack, which was carried out at roof-top level, despite the fact that cliffs rose steeply behind the target

THE R.A.F. ONSLAUGHT ON THE GERMAN PETROL STORAGE DEPOTS. The Motor-Transport Depot on the Ghent-Terneuzen Canal after visits by Bomber Command. Petrol is becoming a greater and greater problem for the German High Command. With many of their sources of supply now closed, the enemy has also had to endure concentrated attacks by the R.A.F. on their storage depots in Germany itself and in enemy-occupied territories. This picture was taken after the attacks made by Bomber Command between August 3 and 23 (inclusive) on the motor-transport depot on the Ghent-Terneuzen Canal in Belgium. The plant and the depot are now reduced to a mass of craters, and the installations have been severely damaged. Attacks like these, carried out over a very wide area, are bound to have affected seriously the enemy's mobility and his striking power in counter-attack

BRITISH GUNNERS MAKE A RAID ON YUGOSLAVIA WITH 25-POUNDERS. The scene on the waterfront as the guns were loaded aboard the landing craft. British gunners recently made a successful raid on Loviste, on the enemy-held coast of Yugoslavia. They brought their 25-pounders with them in landing craft, manhandled the guns into position at first light and shot off their 2,500 rounds of ammunition into the enemy positions before returning. The British fire was answered by enemy artillery, and we sustained some casualties. After the action the guns had to be unlimbered and put on to the boats for the return journey in full daylight. The R.A.F. was afterwards called in to finish off the German batteries which had been so daringly surprised by the gunners

THE TENTH INDIAN DIVISION IN ITALY: Major-General Reid with General Alexander. It has just been revealed that the Tenth Indian Division, commanded by Major-General Denys W. Reid, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., is serving in Italy as part of the Eighth Army and has played an important part in the smashing of the Gothic Line. While he was in command of the 29th Infantry Brigade in the Western Desert in 1941, General Reid was captured by the Germans, but escaped in November 1943. After a short leave in England he was given command of the Tenth Indian Division, and brought it from the Middle East to Italy, since when it has been in the vanguard during the pursuit of the enemy up the Italian Peninsula

LIEUT.-GENERAL KIRKMAN VISITS FLORENCE. Leaving after his visit to Garrison Headquarters. General Kirkman commands the 13th Corps in Italy. He has just paid his first visit to Florence, where he arrived on August 27. After inspecting a guard of honour, he visited the Garrison Headquarters of the city. Before his departure back to his own Corps, he made a brief tour to inspect some of the famous Florentine churches and buildings

FLORENCE CIVILIANS AID IN POLICING THE LIBERATED CITY. A group of agents of the Public Security Police receiving their distinguishing armbands. They act as plain-clothes men and co-operate with the civilian police brought in by the Allied Military Government and the Allied Control Commission

A TRAGIC AIRCRAFT ACCIDENT IN THE UNITED STATES, when two Army planes collided and four airmen were killed during a show: This sequence of four pictures shows the tragic crash of two American Army planes in which four men were killed during a demonstration flight at Spokane, Washington. In the picture in the upper left, three of the planes are seen thrilling the crowd on the ground with feats of close-formation flying: unfortunately, two of them touched, and in the upper right the collision is complete—with one plane beginning to spout fire as the third flies out of danger. The lower right picture shows the two doomed aircraft plunging towards earth out of control. They both fell at the same spot and burst into flames one after the other. All four members of the crews were killed

THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH TO THE SALERNO DEAD. The chapel of St. Martin and St. George, in remembrance of those who fell in the Salerno landing, was dedicated by the Bishop of Lichfield on August 19 during his visit to the Middle East. The chapel was planned by Lieut.-Colonel Hiney, Captain Elson and the Rev. Hanson. Two private soldiers erected all the brickwork, another was responsible for the marble work and a fourth did the paintings. This picture was taken as the flags of the United Nations were being carried into the church by representatives of the Services for the Bishop's blessing

THE C.-IN-C. VISITS A LITTLE-KNOWN FRONTIER STATE: Stretching for miles at the foot of the mountains guarding India's North-West Frontier lies the little-known State of Amb. Its progressive ruler, the Nawab Nohd Farid, is gradually improving roads and health services and introducing education, but his soldiers must keep constant guard on his mountainous frontiers against marauding tribesmen from the north. Recently, the C.-in-C. India, General Auchinleck, visited the State to greet soldiers past and present. Here he is seen inspecting the medals of an Amb veteran

HOW THE EIGHTH ARMY CROSSED THE METAURO RIVER ON THEIR WAY TO THE GOTHIC LINE: Royal Engineers constructing a ford. This unit is a field company: they were assisted by an A.-A. regiment, which is now having no bother with German planes. Continuing their operations in pursuit of the enemy in the Adriatic sector, troops of the Eighth Army encountered strong enemy rearguard resistance on high ground just south of the River Metauro, between Cerasa and Monte Maggiore. On August 23 it was announced that patrols had reached the south bank of the river in places up to 12 miles from the sea. By August 27 the Metauro had been crossed and a bridgehead established on the way to the Gothic Line

BOOKS—the Prospects in the Publishing World

The Sort of Books we can Expect After the War is Over, and the Conditions under which they will be Produced

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN spite of King's Regulations, it is safe to assume that hundreds of officers in all three Services have kept diaries, not only for their own personal entertainment, but also with a view to possible publication. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred their hopes will be dashed—at any rate, for the moment. They are all too young to realise that books about the last war did not begin to sell until some years after 1918, and it is safe to assume that there will be the same tendency after this one. The first best-seller about the last war was Richard Aldington's *Death of a Hero*, published in 1924. This was followed by Edmund Blunden's *Undertones of War*, Stephen Graham's *A Private in the Guards*, C. E. Montague's *Fiery Particles*, and then, considerably later, the two smash-hits—Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front*, and my brother Robert's *Goodbye to All That*. There were also Siegfried Sassoon's two books of Memoirs.

It is very possible that after this war a first-class firm of publishers might buy (and then put on ice) an outstandingly good war book; but there are so many other important war books which will have to be published first. One can presume that Field-Marshal Montgomery, and possibly General Alexander, will write their memoirs. One can assume that the Prime Minister's autobiographical account of the five years of war will also be published in due course. Most members of the War Cabinet will also have something to say in book form about the war as they saw it.

There is, of course, always a chance for some passionate testimony by a young soldier, sailor or pilot enunciating his beliefs as affected by the war; but what the publishers really want, and the public wants too, is an honest-to-goodness, straightforward love-story. The first best-seller after the last war was *If Winter Comes*. This time a boy-meets-girl novel set in modern surroundings would sweep the country. The trouble is that no author really knows what conditions will be like directly after the war; in any event, there is such a delay in printing, binding and publishing a book after the manuscript has been delivered, that anything now written needs a genuine prophet to write it.

So far, the war has produced very few new names in literature, and many of the old names have gone by the board.

If Richard Hillary or John Austin had lived, they would have done great things. John Steinbeck, the American author, has made a name for himself over here. Alan Moorehead and Alexander Clifford, the war correspondents, have done well in their particular line; but whether they can keep it up in peacetime is another matter. Hilary St. George Saunders, with his collaborator, John Palmer, was a fairly successful author before the war. During the war he has made a great name for himself with the Ministry of Information publications, like *The Battle of Britain*. John Palmer, however, has died, and it remains to be seen how Saunders will do unaided in peacetime and without unique access to military secrets.

No new woman writer has come forward in this war, in spite of the W.A.A.F., W.R.N.S. and the A.T.S. So much for authors.

What is the general tendency of books likely to be when paper is available in large quantities again? One publisher informs me that he has no fewer than 1,500 titles which will have to be reprinted. These are bread-and-butter jobs, earning a certain £15 to £80 a year. Thanks to the blitz and the flying bombs, there is a stupendous dearth of the classics. It is impossible to buy *Alice in Wonderland*; it is impossible to buy Kipling, D. H. Lawrence, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, or Conan Doyle; nor can you buy Charles Dickens, Robert Browning or Sir Walter Scott. All these authors will have to be reprinted. There will also be a spate of books on sociological subjects. *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, by J. M. Keynes, was a best-seller after the last war, and a similar book is bound to be written this time. People have probably had enough of peripatetic writers like John Gunther; they are much more likely to be interested in reading about themselves, or, for the first time, about the Empire. The increase of air travel will bring Australia, Canada, South Africa and New Zealand much closer to us. There may even be a new departure in travel books—an air travel book. There are bound to be, too, a number of important biographies of such people as Lord Nuffield and others.

During the war there has been a terrible paucity of humour. This will have to be rectified. Religious books will probably not have a great success, if only because religious leaders, with the exception of the late Cardinal Hinsley, have not exactly shone. Detective stories will continue, though none of the aspirants to Edgar Wallace's mantle have yet found it descending upon themselves. These, in my opinion, are likely to be the types of books which will be published during the next three or four years, and if the last war is anything to go by there will be a boom in publishing for at least two years after the Armistice. This will not continue, however, unless the publishers become properly organised and somehow invigorate the booksellers. Booksellers are members of the only retail business which makes no attempt to sell or advertise its goods, and expects the manufacturers to do it for them. The booksellers claim that books are almost as perishable as greengrocery, and that no greengrocer can hope to avoid bankruptcy unless he secures much more than 33⅓ per cent. on his purchase price. This means that either they must be given a bigger discount or that they must advertise and sell more. Most publishers think that royalties to authors are too high, and point out that in America 15 per cent. is the maximum. They claim that the story that Barabbas was a publisher is unfair, and that there are many cases of *ex gratia* payments to authors on books bought outright, whilst authors seldom repay unearned advances. (Actually, Michael Arlen once did so.)

One of the chief problems of English publishing after the war is the fact that it is losing the British Empire markets to the Americans very quickly. Some American publishers now insist on acquiring the world rights, including the British Empire, leaving the English publisher only these islands as a market. Before the war, at least forty books out of every hundred published in England were published in America: now, only one in a hundred is sold in the U.S. In spite of this, the spread of education, the raising of the school-leaving age, the increase in the standard of living, must mean that the book world is on a rising market. The black-out, fire-watching and the life in the three Services has caused many people to read books who have never done so before. But publishers will have to organise and plan together with the same vigour as Imperial Chemical Industries, the metal trades and the motor industry.

At the moment, there is an internecine war between the old-established publishers and "Messrs. Mushroom and Toadstool," the new publishing firms which have taken advantage of the anomalous paper regulations to secure more paper than the established firms, and have persuaded many authors to come to them because of the wide sales which they can guarantee. The publishers of cheap books, and the various book societies, complete a picture of bitter rivalry which is accentuated by the monstrous situation created by the Stationery Office. Roughly speaking, the latter annually secures 100,000 tons of book paper against the entire trade's 20,000 tons. State publishing would not be tolerated in any other country, except Germany, Russia, Japan and Fascist Italy. It is largely the fault of the publishers that they did not organise themselves sufficiently well to combat this by Parliamentary representation. The fact remains that the first thing that they will have to do after the war is to fight and destroy State publishing, followed by the necessary action to put the retail trade straight. After which they will have to rehabilitate their sadly-depleted lists, which will present a real problem of selection. Only then will they have time to find new authors.

In the meantime, the return of the basic petrol ration, and, with it, the revival of motoring, is bound to have an effect on the sale of books. So will the later opening of cinemas and theatres. The disappearance of the black-out and the end of fire-watching duties will also have their effect. But four years of both fire-watching and the black-out have resulted in thousands of people joining some lending library, and getting into the habit of changing their book or books every week. In 1939 it was generally agreed by publishers that there was a hard core of a regular reading public which numbered 30,000. In addition, there was the vast uncharted mass of the public which, once every year or two, suddenly decided to buy a book. When this happened, the lucky author, like J. B. Priestley, with *The Good Companions*, made a fortune overnight. This time there will be more potential readers, and if the publishers have the sense to increase the size of type to pre-war levels and, as overhead costs diminish, reduce the price of books to those existing in 1939, they should be able to look forward confidently to a boom which will last for the rest of their lives, and not merely until 1947.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS FOR THE TROOPS IN FRANCE. In a letter to the Director of the Army Welfare Services concerning the new book drive for the Forces, Field-Marshal Montgomery has declared that any books which can be spared will be very greatly appreciated by the men in the field. At the Services Central Book Depot in London, thousands of books of all kinds are packed and sent out. In the picture above one of the workers at the Depot is seen packing a complete library of 500 volumes in cases, with its bookshelves enclosed. This library is valued at over £200 and is being despatched to the R.A.F. "Malcolm Club," in Normandy

"SURRENDER" LEAFLETS BEING PACKED for dropping on the Germans. Leaflets advising the enemy soldiers to surrender are loaded in special "bombs" and dropped by R.A.F. Typhoons in areas where the enemy has been trapped without hope of escape. An explosive charge is inserted in the nose of the "bomb," and it detonates at a fixed height, scattering the leaflets over the men beneath

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

A Page for Women

THE LATEST FROM PARIS

What the Smart Frenchwoman is Wearing During the Present Gay Season in the French Capital

FOUR OF THE LATEST MODELS FROM THE HOUSE OF PAQUIN : each is made from different material, with the necessary "trimmings," and each is cut on lavish lines, with no suggestion of skimpishness or "austerity" such as Englishwomen have been compelled to put up with during recent years

THE HAIRDRESSERS HAVE BEEN BUSY, TOO : This is one of the flamboyant styles evolved whilst the Germans were in occupation

THREE ATTRACTIVE HAT STYLES EVOLVED IN PARIS BY GABRIELLE : *On left*—"Benette," a small brimless hat in red-and-green printed woollen muslin ; *in centre*—"Cabriolet," in a shining material of printed brocade ; *on right*—"Samy," a little pill-box hat covered with printed woollen muslin in khaki colours

TWO SHOE STYLES : *On left*—A very smart pair in patent leather and red, white and blue suede, trimmed with gold piping ; *on right*—High-heeled shoes of suede, with patent leather toe-pieces studded with pearls and diamanté, and with a crown as ornament at the instep

Apparently, most of the "prophets" were wrong about starving, ill-clothed Europe. Far from it! The peoples liberated so far are *not* starving, nor ill-clad, nor spiritless. We have had reports from Alexander Clifford that there is *no* famine in France or Belgium, following on glowing accounts of the smartness and gaiety of the Parisienne. These photographs will bear out what has already been published on this theme. The famous couturières of Paris, in particular, have been busy, apparently, throughout the occupation of their city by the Germans, with the striking results given here. Their "Autumn Fashions" are all ready. Not only have new and striking dresses been evolved, but hats in profusion, and exotic styles in hairdressing. The shops in the Rue de la Paix are again open; make-up and lipsticks are plentiful; and articles of luxury are everywhere apparent. Food seems to be available in sufficient quantity for the civilian population, too. Soon, it may be, Paris will once again be assuming her old place in the world in fashion, as in the years before the war!

SEEN IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI : A seat for the poodle on the back of a Parisienne's bicycle

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A GROUP OF THE LATEST NOVELS

The Life-story of a Barmaid; A New Book by Margaret Lane; Adventures in Occupied Europe; A Tale of Two Sisters; A New Novelist Makes Her Bow

BRITISH barmaids have the twin duties, traditionally, of being buxom and benevolent, but benevolent within rigidly prescribed limits of taste and good sense. Mr. Adrian Alington's novel is the life-story of just such a being whose salty good humour, physical strength and refusal to be "put upon" add up to a sum total of an almost perfect example of the species.

ROSIE TODMARSH (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.) was the daughter of a pantomime comic—"a third-rate comedian," said his wife once and unforgivably—and she inherited all his love for life, his gregarious spirit and his appreciation of the grotesque in appearance or situation. To these things she added a sound common sense of her own that was to withstand a mother's sick nagging, a sister's intolerable arrogance and the snobbishness of an only son in great need of a salutary kick in the pants.

Young Joe's snobbishness was, it must be admitted, greatly Rosie's own fault, since her dearest ambition since the death of her jolly publican husband had been to spend all her own earnings in sending their son to a first-class preparatory school, followed by an equally distinguished public school. The combination, in this case, turned out a young gentleman who was impatient of his mother's friends and tastes, and who was within inches of being a monumental snob.

Mr. Alington sees to it that all comes right in the end, with the Crown public house blitzed to the ground, and young Joe in the R.A.F., painfully but finally learning that a bus conductor may be a very good type, and that an air gunner's best friend is his mother. Young Joe, in other words, is irritating, partly because he is a mechanical creation, responding so obviously to stimuli, but Rosie is more successful—in every way. You 'll enjoy studying Rosie's views on life.

THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM ?
This old sweep sign hangs over the door of the house occupied by Mr. F. W. Field, Cheltenham's oldest sweep : he claims that it is the only one left in the country. The sign is made of zinc, and has been in its present position for well over 100 years. The British Museum have made two applications to buy it, but Mr. Field has declined to part with it

Miss Margaret Lane, who writes far too little in my view, is also one of those rewarding writers who improve with every book. With only four novels to her credit, she has developed and disciplined her talent till she can now claim to be a considerable novelist; a writer whose true sense of the romantic never degenerates into sentimentality, and whose shrewd quality of observation is always essentially feminine.

WHERE HELEN LIES (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is by far the best novel Miss Lane has written. It is, quite simply, a love-story; the story of a married man who has loved a girl, but been forced to give her up and who, after ten years, realises that he must find her again, never to lose her. His search for her, among curious and brightly interested friends, among hostile strangers, in Dublin pubs. and in Irish provincial theatres, in London dining-rooms and theatrical lodgings, takes up more than half the book, and through it all the form of the girl grows less shadowy and more vital, until the emotional shock of the minute of their meeting shows her as a familiar, affectionate and slightly bewildered human being.

Because Miss Lane writes of life as one might know it, and not of Cloud Cuckoo Land, the lovers' reunion is not instantly rapturous, and the adjustment must be made with equal sensibility and generosity. Almost to the last page there is uncertainty, tension and stress. But the problem is solved, and the difficulties reconciled. It is, as I said, a love-story, and a delightful one.

Incidentally, I have re-read parts of this book for the sheer pleasure of studying what are usually known as the minor characters.

It doesn't matter how many novels you have read in the past two or three years about the activities of underground movements in occupied Europe, there is a new "must" for your list, which you would greatly regret missing. **LIVE DANGEROUSLY** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) has been translated from the original Norwegian, and is a model of what an adventure story should be. It may remind you of *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, though with more danger and less daintiness. And it may recall a little *Rogue Male*. But essentially Mr. Axel Kielland is a new writer, who owes little to tradition, and everything to his own talent, his own light-heartedness, and his own very accurate estimate of what it takes to make a story-teller.

Mr. Kielland's hero is one Iben Holt, a wealthy, harmless, slightly fatuous lounge lizard who lives in an expensive flat in Oslo, during the Nazi occupation of Norway. The Black Market and a series of young women enable him to forget all about the war until one night a charming, brawny saboteur, called Gingernuts, seeks refuge in his flat after blowing up a factory, and Iben helps him to escape from the Gestapo. As a result of this practical gesture, Iben meets Petter, a delightful girl member of the loyalist gang, and promptly falls in love with her.

His flat becomes their headquarters, and while still posing as a waster, Iben secretly shares the gang's adventures, which are many and violent. Finally he and Petter escape to Sweden, after a nightmare run up the side of a mountain and into a forest, under fire. That passage and others have the suspense quality of first-rate melodrama, told in credible terms.

The story is episodic, exciting and vivid, and the style makes it superlatively readable. The translation, by Carolyn Hannay, is so good that even the hero's facetiousness gets across.

Miss Mary Mitchell has not allowed the fact that she once wrote *A Warning to Wantons* to have the slightest influence on the style of her new novel; or, at least, none that I could detect. **THE WOOD AND THE TREES** (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) is a far more sober affair, and I missed the satire that was so agreeable and so characteristic a part of her writing.

The story is of two Australian girls, Penny, "the pretty one," and Fanny, her kindly but less spectacular sister. In spite of her good looks, Penny is jilted by an egotistical young man who marries Fanny instead, and settles down to a life of being adored and waited upon by a loving and grateful wife. After a brief marriage to a young naval lieutenant, killed in the last war, Penny, to her family's surprise, becomes the second wife of a fat, little Belgian wool importer, and goes to live in Antwerp.

Between the two wars, Penny bears him four children, and deliberately transforms herself into the ideal housewife, under the kindly domination of her mother-in-law. Although her little Emile warns her, Penny refuses to see the growing danger of another war, and makes no arrangements to sail for Australia with the children until two of them have been killed in the May of 1940, and she gets to England, and finally, Australia, alone.

Here, on a ranch with Fanny, now grown into an amiable fat housewife herself, Penny's bitter unhappiness begins to lessen as she realises her sister's constant affection, and has the example of her selfless life before her. Does that all sound a little like a tract? Well, it is rather like that, I 'm afraid, but because it is written by Miss Mitchell it is something more than just readable.

OVER THE SAME GROUND (Hamish Hamilton. 8s.) is one of those novels of shuttle design, a little restless to read but often interesting, which whisk the diligent reader backwards and forwards in time, though always mercifully in the same setting. Here it is a southern coast town, once a fishing and smuggling harbour, now partly known as a famous Channel port, and also as a safe holiday retreat for the middle-aged and well-to-do.

Miss Francesca Marton, whose first novel this is, has chosen the days when railway travel was a startling and rather menacing innovation, and the 1930's, for her twin scenes, and she has made an effective pattern between them, not using the over-familiar plan of successive generations of the same family, but two utterly different groups of people, in whose actions only, the reader catches an occasional echo from the earlier or—being a reader and therefore Olympian—a later day.

If the word were not so nearly exhausted, I would call this a charming little book.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

A Great National Work. This is a true description of the work that is being carried on by the Society. Will you who love children please help to maintain and train the boys and girls in the Society's many Homes and Training Ship "Arethusa"? Funds are most urgently needed and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

RETURN TO PUBLISHING: The Managing Director of Heinemann's returns after five years of National Service

In January 1939 Mr. Frere's friend, Humbert Wolfe, invited him to join the Ministry of Labour to help organise a campaign to recruit citizens for National Service. In six months 2,000,000 people had been enrolled and the foundations had been laid for the Civil Defence Services, which afterwards stood up so magnificently to the first Hun blitzes.

So that it was natural that, in those half-forgotten pre-Dunkirk days when Mr. Churchill first took the helm, and it was realised that total war could only be met by the total mobilisation of a nation standing alone, the Ministry of Labour and National Service needed someone to explain to people why they had to do what they were being told to do. So Frere became one of the first of Whitehall's Public Relations Officers with, possibly, the toughest job of the lot of them. Normally, we are an awkward and stubborn race and do not like being pushed around. That, in four and a half years, Mr. Ernest Bevin has brought this awkward squad to the highest pitch of mobilisation ever known in history with a minimum of friction and dislocation of the national life, is a tribute to the essential fairness and efficiency with which he has done it. To Frere, it is in no small measure due that the country has understood and appreciated the nature of that great achievement.

Frere is personally allergic to Press agents and seekers after personal publicity. Whatever their political functions, he believes they have no place in Government. Politicians he divides into those who make news and those who seek to make it. From the latter he believes much of the public criticism of Public Relations Officers has sprung. He does not like the title, anyhow, and says categorically that the man doing the job should be a Civil Servant and conform to the traditions of that obstinately silent service. He is there to explain and inform. The shop-window of politics, he says, is in Parliament and not Whitehall. Frere says the greatest compliment he has ever been paid is to have been taken for a permanent Civil Servant—for whose integrity, efficiency and devotion to duty he has a profound respect.

To his chief, Ernest Bevin, he is utterly devoted, declaring him to be not only a great statesman and a leader, but a great Englishman who puts his country first in all things. He is now going back to the world of books in which he has lived ever since, as a Cambridge undergraduate, he edited the *Granta* at the time I was editing the *Isis*. He is managing director of Heinemann's, with which firm his life's work has lain. He will be welcomed back by a host of friends, but he will be much missed in Whitehall.

Frere lives in Albany, in Piccadilly, in the chambers in which Macaulay wrote his famous history. He is married to Pat, Edgar Wallace's daughter, and has two children. He has hopes that both may become (like himself) keen chess-players one day. C. G.

MR. A. S. FRERE, who for five years has served in Whitehall at the Ministry of Labour and who is now returning to publishing

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7

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The Rt. Hon. Lord Sempill

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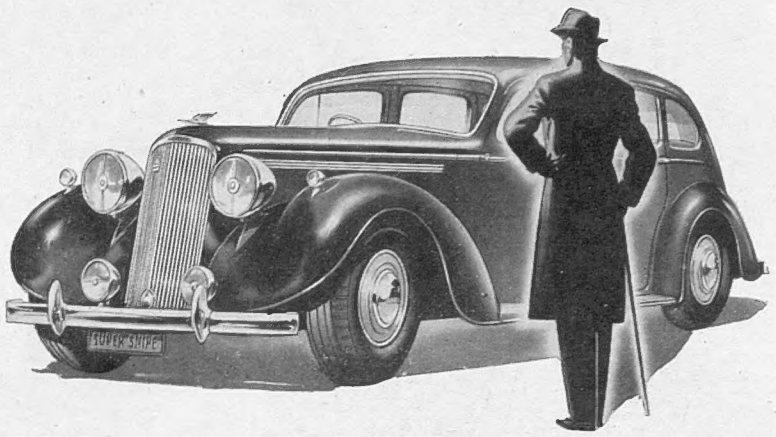

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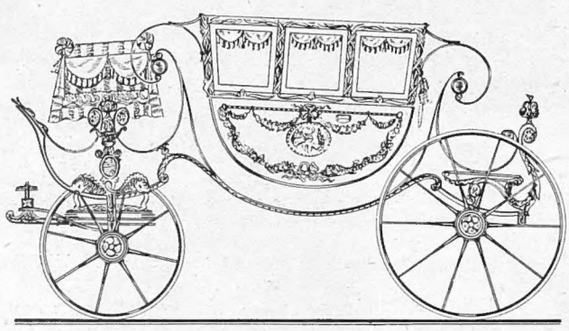

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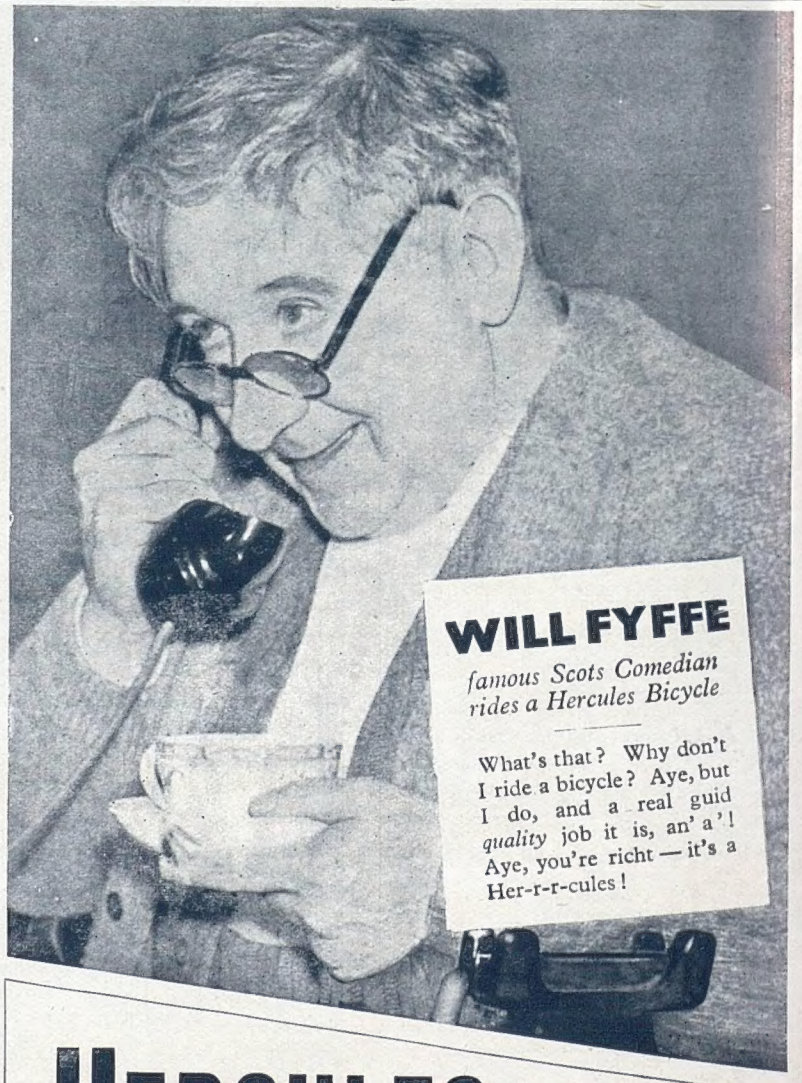

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